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ANY CLEVER WOMAN

By **ELSIE LEE**

FROWNING faintly, Anne Molnar read the letter a third time while her secretary stared blankly out at the fog circling the offices of the interior decorating firm of Powers and Maitland.

The letter ran:

"Dear Madam, — The March issue of your magazine, 'For the Ladies,' has recently come to my notice. I have been much impressed by the article in which you set forth a budget for redecorating a living-room, total cost twenty pounds.

"I am anxious to redecorate the living-room of my farmhouse in Bucks, and for the past three weeks I have been trying to duplicate the room pictured in your charming article.

"However, I am surprised to find the cost to be in excess of the quoted twenty pounds; in fact, the lowest estimate I have been able to obtain totalled seventy pounds.

"I should appreciate your explanation of this phenomenon.—Yours very truly, MAXTON P. TALISMAN."

"Oh, dear," Anne groaned. "Maxton P. Talisman — some old-maid bachelor, probably. Oh well, we'll have to answer it. Let's see—"

After due reflection she began dictating:

"Dear Mr. Talisman, — It

was most kind of you to write to us of your little difficulty in duplicating our plans for the living-room.

"Since shortages of many home-making items are still acute, it is possible that some substitution of color or fabric might have to be made, depending upon what is available in the stores.

"We thank you for your interest in our home-making hints, and trust the purchase of your materials will resolve itself satisfactorily.—Sincerely, ANNE MOLNAR, Home-making Editor, Powers and Maitland."

"That ought to hold him," Anne concluded firmly, and after signing the letter forgot the whole matter.

Not so Mr. Talisman. Two weeks later Anne received his second letter:

"Dear Miss Molnar,—Thank you so much for your letter of April third.

"So far as I can discover, it is impossible to redecorate a room in the manner suggested for the cost you estimate. Either you know nothing about redecorating a home or you are guilty of practising a frivolous deception on trusting readers of your magazine.

"I am astonished that a firm of the standing of Powers and Maitland should be so inaccurate.Yours very truly, MAXTON P. TALISMAN."

"Well!" said Anne on a long note indicative of temper. "The nasty old thing! Miss Currier, take a letter to Mr. Talisman, please."

She dictated:

"Dear Mr. Talisman,—Thank you so much for your letter of April seventeenth. We sincerely regret the difficulty you are experiencing in redecorating your living-room in accordance with the article in our house magazine.

"Fabrics continue to be scarce, as we stated in our last letter; but many a bargain is still available. Since the average housewife makes a tour of the shops several times a week, she would no doubt seize on such a bargain.

"You may also be troubled by a room which is not quite the same shape or size as that pictured. An extra window, for instance, requires more fabric than estimated.

"The room illustrated in our article was not intended to compare with an expensive interior such as might be designed by one of the special decorators on our staff, but merely as a means of freshening up a tired room by such inexpensive means as any clever woman could achieve in her spare time.

"With best wishes for the successful completion of your room.—Sincerely, ANNE MOLNAR, Home-making Editor, Powers and Maitland."

It was the end of that week that Anne received a summons from the general manager of the firm.

"What's all this going on about

Talisman?" inquired Mr. Powers with no preamble as she entered the inner sanctum.

"Talisman?" she repeated in astonishment. "Oh, Talisman! Some funny little old-maid bachelor who wants to decorate a living-room to duplicate the one in the March issue of the magazine. Has he been bothering you?"

"That stupid office-boy put all your mail on my desk this morning, although it's a good thing, as it turned out," Mr. Powers replied tersely.

With shrinking fingers, Anne took the letter in the familiar handwriting, and read:

"Dear Miss Molnar,—I have your letter of April 19, which I consider equivocal in the extreme.

"It is evident that duplication of the room pictured in your March issue is impossible, and I should like to register a strong complaint on the subject.

"In all good faith I have attempted to utilise one of your home-making hints, and as a result I am left with an undecorated living-room and no place for my guests to sit.

"My faith in the honor and veracity of your magazine has been severely shaken, and I feel that the capability of your staff must be vastly overrated.

"I also feel that I am entitled to some redress. If 'any clever woman' can duplicate your room for twenty pounds, I should very much like to see you do it.—Yours very truly, MAXTON P. TALISMAN."

Anne gasped. "The man's mad," she said.

"Do you know who Maxton P. Talisman is?" inquired Mr. Powers with deceptive gentleness.

Anne gulped. "No," she said faintly. "Is he anybody?"

Please turn to page 4

"I told you not to get up on the ladder," he said to Anne fiercely.

The Australian Women's Weekly, April 18, 1948 Page 2





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Continuing . . . Any Clever Woman

from page 3

NOT quite so gently Mr. Powers answered: "He is a director of the Truelove Fabric Mills, and they are the only people who turn out good replicas of period chintzes."

"Then what does he want to duplicate that twenty-pound room for?" Anne asked sensibly.

"How should I know?" countered Mr. Powers irascibly. "The fact remains that he does want it—and we are at this moment negotiating with Truelove Fabric Mills for the exclusive representation of their materials."

"Oh," said Anne flatly. "Now you go home and pack your bag and go down to Bucks and duplicate that room," Mr. Powers informed her sternly.

"But I only wrote it up," Anne protested. "I don't know anything about upholstering and painting."

"You said you did, in that article," Mr. Powers replied. "I've straightened it out with Talisman by phone and he's expecting you this afternoon. You go down there and give him just what he wants in double-quick time."

"Never mind about the price — if it runs a bit more than the original estimate of the article Powers and Mallard will have to stand the difference. The main thing is to give him what he wants so that we can get that contract signed and sealed."

"Yes, Mr. Powers," Anne said meekly, and somehow found herself on the outside of the door to his office.

Anne reached Roseacres, Bucks, the home of Mr. Maxton P. Talisman, at a quarter-past four.

The house was charming, set among trees at the curve of the country road.

Anne drew up smartly before the closed gate and honked her horn. Mr. Talisman, she was sure, must have minions to open gates and attend guests.

"Did you want something?" inquired a polite voice.

Anne looked to the left and traced the voice to a farm hand leaning casually over the fence. Hitherto Anne had conceived of farm hands as elderly and bewhiskered, and the young six-foot giant with wavy hair and blue eyes now surveying her with interest momentarily threw her off her stride.

"Will you open the gate, please?" she asked.

The farm hand considered the question. "That depends," he said at length.

"On what?" she asked in spite of herself.

"On why you want to come in. How do I know? You might be a witch coming to cast a spell on the chickens."

"I want to come in because Mr. Talisman is expecting me," she replied snappily.

"Is he, indeed?" the farm hand returned. "Who shall I say is calling?"

"Miss Molnar," said Anne with dignity.

"Whew-when!" whistled the farm hand on the customary rising-and-falling note.

Anne's eyes widened angrily. "How dare you whistle at me!" she cried. "I'll report you to Mr. Talisman. Are you going to open that gate or am I?"

"Allow me," he said, springing forward.

Considerably ruffled, she braked the car in front of the house and rang the bell. She waited for quite a while until at last a motherly looking servant came to let her in.

"I was just bringing in the tea-towels," the woman apologised when Anne gave her name.

"Will you wait in here, miss?"

The room in which Anne waited seemed to be a sort of study, and

the furnishings at a quick appraisal might have been got for eight hundred pounds. Anne was more and more mystified.

What on earth does he want a twenty pound living-room for if the rest of the house looks like this? she wondered.

Mr. Talisman's footsteps sounded in the hall. As he came into the room, Anne took one look and gasped.

"How do you do?" the impudent farm hand said politely. "It was so good of you to come. I trust you were suitably received?"

Oh, well, Anne thought, might as well be hung for a sheep.

"As a matter of fact," she told him sweetly, "I did have a little difficulty with one of your farm hands. I wonder if you would quite approve of the hired help whistling at female guests?"

Mr. Talisman raised his eyebrows and registered shock.

"I'm very sorry to hear that," he replied solemnly.

"It doesn't really matter," Anne said, recapturing her dignity with some difficulty. "Would you like to show me the room you wish decorated, so that I can take the measurements this afternoon?"

"Yes, of course. This way."

Silently she followed him across the hall and through white double doors into a living-room. Anne felt more confused than ever as she surveyed her problem. True, the room was in a deplorable condition. In fact, she wondered how on earth Mr. Talisman could endure the thought of such a sore spot in the midst of his home.

The walls were dirty and the floor needed scraping. The fireplace was badly smoked and there were no curtains at the great double windows, and two derelict chairs and a rug which looked as though it had been used for transporting coal added the final touch.

But, oh, the size and the shape of the room; the fine panelling, the gracious dignity, the generous double windows! In a flash Anne could see it as it should be, furnished with mahogany and damask and silver.

When she remembered the pleasant little living-room of her article, and contrasted it with the dignity of this room, she felt slightly ill.

Mr. Talisman appeared quite unconcerned about the unsuitability of checked gingham for his living-room.

"It doesn't look very hopeful," he said cheerfully, leaning against a window-ledge and producing a pipe.

Anne roused herself with an effort. "Well, you realise that the room I had outlined was considerably smaller than this," she pointed out. "There is at least twice as much woodwork to be painted. I really don't see how you could possibly have expected to duplicate my room, Mr. Talisman. The size of the room was quite clearly specified and pictured."

"True," he admitted, "but after all, it's simply a matter of buying twice as much of everything, isn't it? So I should think I would be able to do the job for forty pounds."

"I suppose so," she said unhappily, and taking her courage in both hands, added, "Don't you think that a more—more formal treatment would be desirable for this room? After all, the room I had in mind in my article was intended for a smaller home—something suitable for a business girl or a couple of newlyweds working on a very small budget."

"But I want a feeling of informality," Mr. Talisman said comfortably.

"I really don't think you'd be happy with the results, Mr. Talisman," Anne looked wildly at the room once more. "Another thing," she objected. "The article did not allow for having to purchase any furniture with the exception of a second-hand chair. The plans were meant simply to redecorate an existing room."

"It seems to me, Miss Molnar," he observed severely, "that you are making a great many objections. Why won't you be honest enough to admit that no woman on earth, clever or otherwise, could possibly duplicate your room for that amount of money?"

"It isn't that," Anne said unhappily. "I could get you something for the price that would furnish the room, of course, but you wouldn't like it."

"Oh, I'm sure I would," he assured her gallantly. "Don't worry about that. You just go ahead. It will be positively absorbing to watch you, I know. I'll arrange to be free for the next few weeks — so that I can watch the room grow under your clever fingers, as it were."

Only the thought of Mr. Powers restrained her from saying, "I won't do it." And why was Mr. Talisman so amused?

Anne was on the verge of tears upstairs in the guest-room when there was a knock on the door. The motherly housekeeper came in with two towels. "Is everything all right?"

"Oh, fine, thank you," Anne replied shakily.

"Now, now, what's the matter?" Mrs. Galloway inquired comfortably. "Don't you let Mr. Maxton bother you, my dear. He's a great one for jokes and always was, even in the nursery. He doesn't really expect you to do anything to that room, child. Is that what you're worrying about?"

"He doesn't?" said Anne in astonishment.

"No, of course not. The only reason it looks like that is because he's only been in the house for two months and he hasn't been able to get the painters in to start work. The furniture is all ordered for it and everything, but that's just Mr. Maxton. He'd just paid a lot of bills for curtains and things when he saw that article of yours. He laughed and said he was going to write to your firm about it because it was a disgrace for them to be so inaccurate."

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, if he didn't intend me to do the room, why did he let me come here?" Anne asked, beginning to seethe.

"They said you'd already started. Anyway, he said it was a nice day for a drive, and it would do you good to have a week-end in the country with fresh eggs and milk. We thought you'd be older, somehow." Mrs. Galloway finished obscurely. "Now don't fret about him, he didn't mean any harm, and he'll own up and be real sorry, you'll see."

So Mr. Maxton does love a joke, does he? Anne commented to herself. All during her dressing she continued to talk to herself actively. Eventually the beginnings of an idea began to simmer in her mind.

If he wanted a joke, she'd play up to it, but he'd soon stop when he realised that his beautiful living-room was being spoilt.

Mr. Talisman regarded her with marked approval throughout the excellent dinner. Anne exerted herself to charm, with such success that by the time they were sitting over their coffee in the little study, Mr. Talisman was laughing externally instead of internally.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





THE PURPLE PLAIN

For a long moment they stood like that, her face against his cheek, not speaking.

BITTERNESS over the death of his young bride in a London air-raid has made **SQUADRON-LEADER FORRESTER**, now stationed in Burma, hostile and ill-tempered towards everyone about him, notably his tent mates, **BLORE**, a fellow officer, and **CARRINGTON**, his new navigator.

By way of a diversion, **HARRIS**, the medical officer, takes him to visit a settlement of Burmese Christians, where he meets **DOROTHY**, English-educated Burmese, and **ANNA**, her beautiful younger sister.

Forrester is conscious of a deep and soothing affinity with Anna, and this brings the first stirrings of a better attitude within him.

On a second visit to the settlement with Harris, he is entertained at dinner by **MISS McNAB**, energetic and highly strung missionary, who later makes the men join in singing hymns.

NOW READ ON:—

MISS McNAB tossed upward her mass of red-dyed hair in a movement that was like a paroxysm of excitement, and screamed at Harris, "Now, doctor, you were raised on porridge and Presbyterianism, you choose the next hymn! You! You! Come on!"

"I was never more than half Scots," Harris said. "Born in London. Let Anna choose."

"Ah, you're no half the man Mr. Forrester is!" she screamed. "Let's have another dose of 'Allelujah!'" Harris said. "I like that."

"If you like 'Allelujah,' there's 'Christ the Lord is Risen To-day,'" the girl said. "There's Allelujah in that."

"Grand!" Miss McNab screamed, and began to strike up at once, waving her arms, shouting down the table. "Put in your spasms, Mr. Forrester, plenty o' spasms!"

And then, all at once, Forrester was not singing. Something queer and painful took hold of him. The past, leaden and bright, divulged suddenly the harsh remembrances he could not bear.

In a moment the scene about him seemed to have gone. He could feel for a few moments nothing but maddening impulses, to be presently replaced by the idea that Harris was watching him.

Then came a still odder sensation that from all the unshuttered windows of the room brown-yellow moonfaces were staring at him, eating up the strange sight of Western man, with three Burmese Christians and a very odd red-haired Western woman, singing the unintelligible rhythms of worship to a God that had no image.

He looked up like a man unprepared and frightened.

Harris was not singing. The faces behind him, yellow and curious at all the windows and now even at the door, were real. From all across the dark compound they were pressing forward into the lamplight, men and women and children.

Soon the four women and Harris were aware of it. The singing died.

Miss McNab said, "Ah, it's nothing. That always happens. Sing four bars in Burma and you have a congregation." The unblinking eyes stared in, waiting for the singing to go on. "Three nights of this and we'll have them half converted. Eh Mr. Forrester?"

He did not answer; and Harris, watching him closely now, said with hurried brightness that only seemed to increase the futility of the whole

affair, "It's the curry that does it. Did you ever eat curry at the Bengal Club, Forrester? Not a patch on this!"

"Ah, the British in India," Miss McNab said. "What do they know about curry or anything else?"

Forrester was oppressed by new and ghastly complexities and could not speak. The faces at the windows seemed to be mocking him, and the face of Anna, silent and bright and searching, became lost among them with the flaming head of Miss McNab.

Suddenly it seemed as if he were looking, in a strange way, through a crumpled lens; that he was hearing voices in distorted echo.

"The British in India can be swine," Harris said.

"The Americans are swine, too,"

By H. E. BATES

Miss McNab said. "All they think of is—"

In a moment words were stampeding through his head, violent and scrambled—meaninglessly futile words: the British in India, the British in Burma, curry, something about Rangoon and the uncouthness of Americans, and then fresh words from Miss McNab, who began excitedly shouting and singing at the same time the words of a new hymn for Easter Day.

Forrester could bear it no longer. He got up under a frenzy of impulses that did not seem to be part of him. Another hymn from the screaming McNab and he knew he would be screaming too.

As he jerked up and away from the table, a fissure of momentary decency opened up before him in

the confusion, and he saw the face of Anna, startled and delicate, staring at him with the unsteady surprise of pain.

A shadow seemed to go over it in the lamplight, and for an awful moment it reappeared, unforgettably frightening, as the face he had loved long ago in England. It broke the last of his resistance. He rushed out.

He walked across the compound without knowing what he was doing; he leaned against the palm fronds by the fence and put his head in his hands. Dry whispers of footsteps fluttered about the house as the Burmese moved back to the windows to watch the singing, and in the distance there was still the moan of the plane he had heard, then ignored when Miss McNab began singing.

"Were you angry with us? Was it something we did?"

To turn and see the girl standing there, in the half-golden light of the house, was like the shock of self-inflicted pain. He could not answer her.

She stood with a kind of gentle supplication as he spread out his hands, mute and helpless. He felt very big and stupid against the small, light figure, and could not move. She put her hands on his shoulders and then drew his head down to her and held her face against him.

Forrester was caught up in a moment of furious self-disgust. He wanted to shout at her, "Don't talk to me! Don't say anything!" but she was quiet and did not speak, her face cool and negative as a leaf against him.

He felt all the time that, if she spoke again, he would beat the face away.

And then suddenly he was not listening for her to speak. He forgot the rage that had sent him out of the house. He was listening for something else. He was disturbed

by something peculiar about the sound of the aircraft coming in from across the plain.

He pressed the girl gently away from him, and they stood for a second or two looking up into the sky together. He saw the door of the house flap to and fro in the lamplight, and then the figure of Harris on the veranda, startled and arrested as it ran forward and halted to listen, too.

Forrester walked fast across the compound to meet him.

Harris said, "It can't possibly be! They've never raided a thing for months."

They stood together on the steps of the veranda, looking up, hearing the close treble beat of engines.

"It can be and it is!" Forrester said. "What do we do?"

"They'll go over. They're heading for the strip."

"Then we've got to get there."

"Right. Get the jeep while I tell them in the house," Harris said.

Forrester walked back across the compound, looking up, trying to see the sky beyond the darkness of the trees. He had reached the far side of the compound when he saw something light beside him. It was Anna.

Before he could speak, she said, "I know what it is. I have heard them before," and he said, "No need to be alarmed. Going over. We must go, too."

Then in that moment he knew that the planes—three of them now—were too low and too close, and in another second he heard the bombs begin to fall. He thought: How can this happen? Where is everybody? Where are the boys?

The third bomb had already fallen when he flung himself forward on his face. He took the girl with him in a huge instinctive lunge, half falling on her in the dust.

Please turn to page 13



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RETURNING A FAVOR

By WILLIAM NOLAN

A chance meeting
changed the luck of
two young people

IT started with that Monday evening when Helen Stanton tore past the ticket-puncher at Flinders Street Station. She was on her way home and she was better-skittering to catch that train.

After work she had had her dinner in the city, which she often did rather than face the peak period rush on the trains.

It was not until she had eaten her ice-cream dessert in leisurely manner and ordered a second cup of coffee that she noticed the time. Then she remembered that Aunt Lettie was calling around to the flat to visit her.

Unless she caught the 6.20 train Aunt Lettie would be cooling her heels in the hall. She did not want that to happen. For her aunt did not like being kept waiting, and she would like it even less if it was outside Helen's flat that she had to wait.

From the start she had opposed Helen having her own flat. She had wanted Helen to live with her when she had commenced work at the office in the city.

If I keep her waiting, thought Helen, as she gulped at her coffee, there'll be another explosive episode on the thoughtlessness of the modern miss on its way to mother.

When she reached Flinders Street the clock showed nineteen past six. She rushed into the station waving her weekly ticket as she passed the ticket-puncher.

At the top of the ramp she heard the bell which meant that the train was leaving. With one hand she gripped her handbag, with the other she held her hat in place; then down the ramp she pelted with her blonde tresses fluttering.

She tumbled through a carriage door as the train was moving and popped on to a seat. She reached out to slide the door shut.

At that moment another body catapulted in, turned tripped, and collapsed backwards on top of her.

"Well, really!" Helen gasped. "Don't mind me at all!"

"Awfully sorry!" said a voice which actually did not sound very sorry at all. "I was in a tearing hurry."

"So I noticed," Helen returned haughtily.

By that time, after some re-shuffling of legs and arms, the second flying anatomy had proved to be that of a young man in a smart, dark double-breasted suit.

As Helen replaced her hat he adjusted his tie. The tie, Helen noticed, was embroidered with crossed anchors. He carefully tapped a new dent in his hat.

"A neat thing," he said, and grinned at her. "I was hoping that was would be empty. I'm sorry."

Helen's brief anger had evaporated by then. However, not wanting the incident to become a means for an approach, she merely smiled and murmured: "That's all right."

As he sat there grinning and pulling she assumed him up as being good-looking and a nice type of boy. But she was not going to be drawn into conversation too easily with a stranger. After all, he may have known she was in the seat, and it was possible that he had planned the whole thing.

She turned to look out of the window.

"Oh, just a minute!" he said. "I haven't mentioned why I chased you."

There, it was just as she supposed. He had chased her. Prowning, she turned to him, intending to reply with a few retorts that would put him in his place.

"I've got it here somewhere." He was muttering and searching

through his pockets. Then he produced a railway ticket and handed it to her. "It's yours. You dropped it at the top of the ramp."

It was her weekly ticket. She was immediately ashamed of her misjudgment of his intentions.

"Thank you so much. To-morrow morning I'd have been looking for it everywhere," she said as she placed the ticket in her bag.

Also she would have had to buy another, and that would have hurt. But she could not tell him that the few shillings for another ticket would have completely disorganised her weekly budget.

"I'm glad I saw you drop it," the young man was saying. "I thought for a while that I was never going to reach you to return it. I haven't had much experience with these wild stampeding trains."

They both laughed. Helen then thawed. It was a different matter now that she knew he had gone to the trouble on her behalf. She appreciated it, and it was the right thing for her now to be pleasant to him.

She did not find this any effort, and she was soon ranking him as one of the nicest chaps she had met. They chatted easily until the train groaned to a standstill at her station.

He took no advantage to further their meeting by telling her his name or asking hers or anything like that. Helen stepped out of the carriage feeling actually a little disappointed.

"Well, thanks again about the ticket," she called back to him. "I hope I can do you a favor some day."

"I'd like you to," he replied, and then added: "But I'd like just as well to have the opportunity of doing some more favors for you."

Then the train was moving again. Helen waved to him. His last sentence was the only personal reference he had made.

Oh well, what does it matter, thought Helen. I'll never see him again now. Nevertheless, she found herself thinking about him all the rest of the way home.

When she reached her flat, sure enough Aunt Lettie was waiting there to be let in. Fortunately she had not been there long, so Helen only had to endure a short homily on the virtue of punctuality.

They were barely inside before Helen made the mistake of blurting out what was uppermost in her mind.

"I was talking to such a nice boy on the train to-night," she said.

"A boy? Oh, I see, you mean a young man. So that's what made you late," said Aunt Lettie, and then she demanded: "Who was he? What's his name?"

"He picked up my ticket for me," Helen told her, laughing. "I don't even know his name."

Aunt Lettie gave a very discouraging snort.

"Just as I thought," she declared almost triumphantly, and for practically the entire evening she treated Helen to a lecture on the folly of girls striking up casual acquaintances with totally strange young men.

Helen had dismissed from her mind the possibility of ever returning his favor, though she had not forgotten the young man and often thought about him as she went home on the train. But he never again tumbled into her carriage.

Then, a month later, she unexpectedly saw him again; or rather, this time, it was his photograph.

She was at the office looking through the daily paper when her heart missed a beat, for there from the middle of the page he was frowning up at her.

It was not exactly a good photo-

graph, but she recognised him instantly. She was sure of it, too, for he was wearing that same tie with the embroidered crossed anchors.

But as she read the titling to the picture an unpleasant coldness went down her spine. It read: "KENNETH GRANT, WHO WAS SENTENCED TO SIX YEARS' IMPRISONMENT FOR MANSLAUGHTER."

"It's ridiculous," Helen told herself dogmatically, as a surge of emotion possessed her. She searched the other columns and found where the case was reported.

EAGERLY, Helen read the printed words: "In the City Court yesterday, Kenneth Grant, age 26, was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to six years' imprisonment. Grant was charged with running down and killing a child of 8 years."

"In his defence Grant stated that he was not driving his car at 6.30 p.m., when the child had been killed. He had left his car at Brighton station and taken the train to the city to save his petrol; he had overlooked removing the ignition key."

"When he arrived back at the station at a quarter to seven his car was not where he had parked it. On his way to the police station to report this, he discovered the car in a side street."

"He then drove to the police station, where the car was identified by witnesses who had seen the child killed."

"The magistrate, summing up, pointed out the lack of evidence to support Grant's contention that he was not driving the car . . ."

"Well, really!" she gasped, as the young man hurtled into the carriage. "Don't mind me at all!"

That was enough for Helen; her tears were dropping on to the newspaper and she could read no more. Still mopping her eyes and sniffing, she rang the Court Clerk and found that a Mr. Beaton had been Kenneth Grant's solicitor.

She took time off and went to Mr. Beaton's office immediately. Mr. Beaton was a busy man and could not be seen without an appointment, but by alternately cajoling and ranting Helen was at last facing him across his desk with the newspaper in her hand.

"Now, Miss Stanton, you are taking up my valuable time, so I'll ask you to be quick. As you know, the Kenneth Grant case is all over. Mr. Beaton told her abruptly before she had a chance to speak.

At that time Mr. Beaton was hoping that he would never hear the name of Kenneth Grant again; for if Grant had not been foolish enough to stick to that cock-and-bull story he could have got him off with two years.

"I refuse to be hurried. I will take my time and you will listen," Helen told him flatly, and as his eyes shot up and his mouth opened she continued: "I am the evidence that was lacking in the case. I was with him that evening on the train."

"But he said to me no one that he knew," commented Mr. Beaton; then he thought of something. "By George, I've got it—you are the won-

derful girl with the hair, of course you are."

"I'm the what?" asked Helen.

"Grant said that on the train he was talking to a wonderful girl with beautiful blonde hair. It was you, of course. But he didn't know your name or couldn't produce you as a witness. Naturally, no one would believe a story like that without the witness."

"A wonderful girl!" echoed Helen dreamily.

"But, Miss Stanton, could you swear to it that it was Grant? You've only seen a newspaper photo. Could you identify him among a lot of other young men?"

"I'd recognise him among a thousand," stated Helen.

Mr. Beaton from then on was transformed into a very human person.

"I see; I see exactly," he said with a smile more befitting a benevolent uncle than a busy and efficient solicitor. "We'll lodge an appeal immediately and re-open the case. There's nothing in the world now to keep him in gaol."

"I'm so relieved," sighed Helen.

"When he's free the case will be closed again for me. But for you, Miss Stanton, I foresee that it will be but the beginning of your Kenneth Grant case."

"Maybe you're right," Helen replied happily. "But, after all, I had practically promised to do him a favor one day."

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PARSON'S PRIDE

By ARTHUR MAYSE

MY mother went to Cougar River with us only twice in our Vancouver Island years, but she could tie a trout fly that would coax even the grandpa yellowbellies from under their log jams.

Waddy Lewis taught her the art, squatting cross-legged on a shingle bar while my father watched them with his cheeks sucked in, as if he expected no good to come of this business.

"Five turns of ribbing, missus," said Waddy in his flat voice. "No more and no less, mind you now." He spiralled the tinsel wire up the body of the fly, working magic with his blunt coalminer's hands. "Then you will wind in the hackles as I am doing, and finish off the head, so."

He got to his feet, a long, tough man, still wet to the waist from the river. Mother, who had been kneeling beside him, straightened, too, pushing her soft hair back from her temples in the way she had. She really looked more like a pretty young girl than a minister's wife.

"It's a lovely fly," she said. "What do you call it, Mr. Lewis?"

"No name," Waddy told her. "A pattern of my own, just."

"Call it the Tippler's Fancy," father said from where he stood.

Waddy gave him his crooked, dark smile. He knew well enough what father thought of him and his ways. "There is a better name," he said. "A name fit for a lady, look you." He dropped the fly into mother's hand, and it bounced on its stiff hackles as if alive and ready to take wing. "We will call it the Parson's Pride."

Mother's cheeks went pink. What father would have said, I can only guess. Before he could open his

Waddy battled on through the swirling water, unaware that the parson's wife was following him.

mouth there was a thrashing in the tangles across the river, and a high voice cracking round our ears. "You over there! I say! What are you doing on my water?"

A white moustache poked out of the thicket with an angry red face behind it.

"This land is posted!" the voice brayed at us. "I'm General Lazenby! Even if you colonials can't read, you can see my signs! Take yourselves off at once, d'you hear, or I'll hand you over to the police!"

Waddy Lewis stared at the big man on the farther beach. When he spoke, it was softly and to no one in particular. "It's true, then, what I heard from Rhys Morgan. There is an Englishman come among us."

He set his fly rod carefully against a stump and shrugged free of the willow creel with three big trout in the bottom. Then he stepped into the shallows at the tail of the pool.

"Lewis!" my father shouted at him. "Come back here!"

But Waddy paid him no heed, and there was something in the way he splashed into the riffle that frightened me.

He was a Welshman, one of a wild bunch that never came near our church, but drank in the Loggers' Rest beer-parlor on Saturday nights and went fishing on Sundays. His girl sang in our choir, and was bound Waddy would, too, and from a word that went round I knew Waddy blamed father for the great quarrel they had over it.

The current was boiling-white around him now, but he kept his

eyes on the Englishman, who stood on the other bank in yellow waders that reached clear to his armpits and a tweed jacket and a squashy tweed hat.

"Your water, is it?" Waddy called to him. "I will give it you, general; all you want of it and more."

It is never wise to come between a man and his fishing, and when the man is a Welsh miner with no love at all for the English it is an invitation to broken bones. Father bawled at Waddy again, but mother ran down the beach and into the water.

The current smashed at her knees, and she fought it, staggering forward against it, every second in

This quarrel was men's business, the parson declared — but it took a woman's wits to settle it.

greater danger of being tumbled down the rapids into the log-jam pool.

If she called to Waddy, the river din kept us from hearing, but he looked over his shoulder, and when he saw that one more step would be too much for her he turned and waded back.

He lifted mother clean out of the riffle and brought her ashore.

She was talking to him all the time, and when he put her down he had the sulky look of a boy who has been well scolded for mischief.

"It is your wife keeps me from throwing him to the fishes," he said. "Not you, parson." He stared at my father, his temper still burning,

then settled the creel on his haunch, and took up his rod.

"Good day to you, missus," he said to mother, and tramped off downstream.

The general blundered back into the salmonberry canes. We could hear him crashing through the brush towards the log-jam pool.

"Will," mother said, "I believe he's coming over. Now, please keep your temper with him. He really does own the Armstrong place; it was in last week's paper that a retired general had bought it."

"But he does not own the river," father told her snappishly. "This is man's business, Marcia, and I'll thank you not to interfere in it!"

By the way he scrubbed a hand through his curly black hair I could tell he was more likely to lose his temper than keep it, though why he should be so hot with mother was hard to understand.

We waited, father still black as thunder, while the general floundered across the jam and headed towards us at a heavy trot, bellowing as if we were a quarter-mile off: "I'll stand for no nonsense! This is my water!"

"Do something about it, then," father told him. "It's getting away from you." He looked grim, planted there with his feet well apart.

"I'll give you some advice," he went on, the general huffing in front of him, with his round face the color of a windy sunset from heat and hurry. "If there's wisdom in you, which I doubt, you'll act on it. This is not England. This stream is in the public domain. So is any British Columbia river. Watch your step or you'll stir up a hornet's nest."

The general had his wind back by now, and his voice along with it.

"See here," he puffed at us. "I won't be threatened by poachers. I'm not concerned with your back-wood customs. You're trespassing, and you can!"

He glared at mother with his pale blue eyes—"you can jolly well clear out."

"I've warned you," father said. He turned his back on the general and said crisply to me, "Come, Billy. Let us leave the fool to his folly."

That was the end of our fishing, and only a couple of pan-sized sprats in father's basket. He strode so fast down the bar it was all mother could do to keep up with him, and at the log-jam crossing he never even waited for her. When she reached the far side she was quite pale and her grey eyes were large in her face.

"Will," she said, "back there under the logs. The strangest thing happened—"

But father stopped just long enough to light his pipe, then set off again.

"I don't know what I've done wrong," mother said in a small, breathless voice. "Really, Will, I didn't mean to interfere. Only there'd have been trouble, and the

general simply doesn't understand. "It was not him," father told her, very dour. "It was that fellow. That Welsh pirate, Lewis."

"But you know he's quick-tempered," mother said. "They all are. And he blames you for his trouble with Mary Williams."

"The girl is well rid of him," father said, "and it is not his temper. It's the impudence of the man. The way he spoke to me there. And calling his—that confounded fly of his the Parson's Pride, and rolling his eyes on you, a married woman, while he said it."

Mother gave a little gasp. When next she spoke, she sounded half frightened, but pleased as well. "Why, Will," she said, "I do believe you're jealous!"

Father loosed a great snort. "Remember, our son is with us," he said. "If you must talk nonsense, Marcia, I won't stop to listen."

He started off again, and this time we didn't catch him till he was at the bridge and cranking our old car fit to wring the engine out on the roadway.

Nothing more was said. Father did not speak all through supper nor did he ask for his second cup of tea, but got up from the table and stalked out of the house.

Most Saturday nights when he went for his walk down town he took me along, but this time mother stopped me with a frown and a shake of her head.

"Billy," she said to me when father had alarmed the front door behind him, "can you keep a secret?"

I nodded, and she said with her voice low, "I'll tell you what happened when I was crossing that log-jam to-day. The fly Mr. Lewis made me worked loose from my sleeve where I'd stuck it. It fell into the pool and floated down among the logs. Do you know what I saw?"

"No," I said, feeling my heart beat faster.

"Something so big it frightened me," she said. "A fish. I suppose it was a trout. It rolled out from underneath the logs and sucked that fly in."

All excited, she looked more like a young girl than ever. "What he can do with those big thick hands I can do with mine. It's just a kind of fancywork, after all."

"What is?" I asked her.

"Making trout flies, of course. Go catch the Rhode Island rooster, and pull two feathers out of his neck. I'm sure there's orange wool somewhere, and my goose wings. I put away for dusters, and tinsel ribbon left over from Christmas. We're going to tie a Parson's Pride for your father!"

It had looked easy enough, watching Waddy Lewis at work with wool and feathers and silver tinsel, but even with her fine long fingers and me holding the hook in pliers, mother found there were tricks to the business she had never learned in her embroidery.

She broke the thread a dozen times, and the wings of her fly kept twisting under its belly.

When at last it was finished it was twice as big as Waddy's, and the body was lumpy, and one wing rode high while the other hung dejectedly down.

Please turn to page 28

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Any Clever Woman

Continued from page 4

THEN Anne opened her campaign. "I was just going to ask who decorated the house for you," she said.

"Oh, I did it all myself," he told her proudly, falling neatly into her trap.

"Well, I must say you've done a remarkable job," Anne congratulated him. "I can see why you're so anxious to get the living-room done."

Mr. Talsman came down to earth with a bang and looked acutely embarrassed.

"I've been thinking about that," he said, choosing his words carefully. "Perhaps you were right about using a more formal treatment of the room—and, of course, as you pointed out, it can't really be done satisfactorily for the money."

Oh, no, you don't, Mr. Talsman, thought Anne grimly.

Aloud, she said sweetly. "But I'm sure Mr. Powers won't be at all satisfied unless I actually work out the living-room to duplicate that article. After all, we have to uphold the honor of the firm."

"But if I tell Mr. Powers I've changed my mind about the room?" said Mr. Talsman pleadingly.

"Really, Mr. Talsman," said Anne severely, "you don't seem to know what you want! Are you trying to tell me you wrote all those letters and got Mr. Powers to send me down here specially for nothing but a whim?"

"Well—um," said Mr. Talsman uneasily. "Suppose we talk it over to-morrow morning?" You get a good night's sleep and I'll call Powers and see if I can explain it first thing. Perhaps you'd like to go back to-morrow?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh, no, I just love the country," Anne told him sweetly.

Mr. Talsman was just coming up the front steps when she returned the next morning from the village. "Good morning," she called, cheerfully. "I've charged a lot of things to your account in the village shop. I think there'll be time enough for me to get into town and hunt up some drapery material to-day."

Now was the point at which Mr. Talsman should own up like a man and take the consequences, and Anne waited expectantly under cover of great activity, unloading paint, brushes, solvents, and so forth, but no word was forthcoming. Instead Mr. Talsman rushed down the steps.

"Let me help," he said. "Then while you're taking the measurements, I'll change into some city clothes, and go up with you."

There was, of course, nothing for it but to accompany Mr. Talsman to town and go through the pretence of shopping for materials. It was a nerve-racking experience, for Mr. Talsman's presence made it impossible for Anne to exceed the budget and charge the difference to Mr. Powers.

However, with luck she finally managed to find something at the correct price, although privately she felt she would not have insulted a dog by putting it in his kennel.

Fortified by a second night of sound sleep, she faced her host over a generously spread breakfast table on Sunday morning.

"What's the programme for to-day?" he inquired. "Do you take a day of rest or plunge in, needle foremost?"

"Plunge in, I think," said Anne, sensing that undercover amusement once more and not liking it. "First the place has to be cleaned up and painted."

"Shall I get a ladder for you?" he asked helpfully.

Anne registered surprise. "Oh, I'm not going to paint," she told him pleasantly. "I'm going to make curtains."

"I thought you said the first step was to paint."

"So it is," she returned imperceptibly. "And you are going to paint the walls—and the ceiling."

"Hey!" He stared at her. "I hardly like to point out that this is completely your pigeon."

Anne raised her eyebrows indifferently. "This was supposed to be the sort of room any clever woman could do," she observed. "Do you mean to tell me any clever woman

would paint a room when she had a husband at hand?"

Mr. Talsman looked at her reflectively. "But I'm not your husband—yet."

Anne went pink. "It will be good training for you," she said manfully, ignoring the gleam in his eye.

Once he got the hang of it, Mr. Talsman proved to be an enthusiastic painter, wielding the brush with surprising efficiency.

Now that matters were under way, Anne spent each day in a state of mixed emotions, wondering with each fresh exertion she foisted on him if that mightn't bring him to admit the hoax, and at the same time half afraid he would admit it and end the whole thing just as she was becoming anxious to see the results.

The days passed by so pleasantly, for all the undeclared war between them, that Anne thoroughly enjoyed herself. Day by day the room took shape. "For the Ladies" seemed very far away.

The moment finally came when the last picture was hung, the last cushion stuffed up in a corner of the sofa. Anne heaved a deep sigh of relief and surveyed her efforts.

Triumphantly she called: "Maxton, come and look. How do you like it?"

"Oh, very nice," he said non-committally. "The curtains don't seem very straight, though, do they?"

Eyes snapping with rage, she sped away and returned with the shaky stepladder.

"Oh, never mind," he said hastily. "Oh, not at all," she returned icily polite. "I want to leave everything in perfect order."

In a flash she was up the ladder and reaching for the bunched curtain, but the ladder had done all it intended to do, now and forever. With an ominous snarl, it cracked sharply, dropping Anne to the floor in a welter of curtains. As she fell, the curtain-pole, tearing loose from Maxton's insecure mooring, cracked her smartly on the head.

"Are you all right?" Maxton was shouting. "I told you not to get up on the ladder, Anne, speak to me. Say something."

Anne was fighting mad. Between the ache in her head and the ache in her heart, she was too distracted to be ladylike.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied," she told him tightly, making an effort to rise. "This may be your idea of a good joke, but it's pretty rough on me. I've worked my fingers to the bone and ruined my eyesight, but I draw the line at concussion just because you can't put up a curtain-pole properly."

She paused to draw a deep breath. "If you hadn't the decency to apologise, you might at least have carried the farce all the way and let me go back to London with a few kind words instead of turning up your nose at everything."

"Then why didn't you tell me I was a worm and go back to London?" Maxton asked reasonably.

"Why didn't you apologise?" she countered furiously.

"Because you would have gone back to town," he replied.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Well, but I don't want you to go away," he said coaxingly. "After all, let us be fair about this thing. How could I ever persuade you to marry me if you went back?"

"What makes you think that I'd marry you, anyway?" Anne cried nervously. "A man who plays practical jokes and can't put up curtain-poles properly?"

"Because," he said placidly, "if you really couldn't stand me, you'd have smacked my face somewhere along the line and exposed the whole fraud. And if you don't marry me, I'll phone Mr. Powers and complain about your work, and I'll keep on complaining and make him send you back until you do marry me."

Anne gasped. "You wouldn't dare!" she cried.

Maxton looked at her fondly, and extended his long arms. "You know very well that I would," he observed.

Somewhat later he added, "And any clever woman could teach me to put up a curtain-pole."

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Interesting People



MISS ELSIE ZIMMERN

. . . internationally minded
FIRST visit to Australia for Miss Elsie Zimmern, one of the founders of Associated Country Women of the World, will enable her to visit C.W.A. branches here and in New Zealand, and attend conference in May. Small and white-haired, she has devoted life to international developments concerning women. Was recently member in London of Liaison Committee of Women's International Organisations. Will spend year here.



PROFESSOR DONALD PEART

. . . likes hot jazz
FIRST Professor of Music at Sydney University is 39-year-old Professor Donald Peart, who has played in London Philharmonic Orchestra. At Sydney University he will build up music department and eventually institute Degree of Music. Hopes to hold student recitals, encourage concerts. He plays violin and viola, dislikes swing, finds hot jazz stimulating and interesting. Has wife, two children.



MISS FAY McIVER

. . . search for oil
PRETTY Melbourne Master of Science Fay McIver holds big post as geologist assisting general manager of Frome Broken Hill Pty. Ltd., American geophysicist Mr. N. B. Sauve, in search for oil in Australia. Is only woman employed on technical side by the firm. Geology has always been her main interest. Has done research work during vacations on uninhabited Lady Julia Percy Island and King Island.

FROM LONDON ...



● For travelling in the winter months ahead, an ideal outfit is designed by Peter Russell. The gay red coat in plain wool fabric is planned for comfort with its big pockets, loose-fitting sleeves. The tartan frock has full, accordion-pleated skirt, with a tailored top.

★ These three charming ensembles, for travelling, cocktails, and evening wear, come from leading English designers: Hartnell, Bianca Mosca, and Peter Russell. They show to perfection the peculiar talent of London designers for producing clothes which are distinctive but, at the same time, practical.



● In this two-piece evening gown Norman Hartnell achieves a well-defined waist with a wide flat belt from which falls a very full skirt. Rounded shoulders and rich encrustations are main interest in bodice.

①

● Lovely muted sea-green grosgrain is fashioned by Bianca Mosca into a charming cocktail frock. With its snug-fitting bodice, rounded shoulder-line, flared peplum, and long, full skirt, it shows all main trends.

For the Living Room...

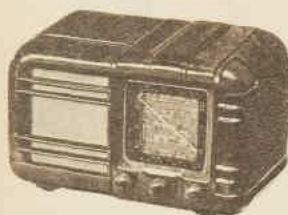


Attractive modern design, with space for record storage or ornamental display, makes this 4-valve medium wave Hotpoint console one of the outstanding sets of the new season. Full-size edge-lit dial makes accurate tuning easy, and 7-inch speaker, with improved components, ensures excellent tonal quality. Model D44ME, A.C., £29/18/-; also available for Dry Cell, Battery or Vibrator operation from £32/8/-.

You'll enjoy an increased range of home entertainment with this new 8-valve all-wave combination... short-wave or broadcast programmes are received with a volume and clarity of tone that will delight you, and the automatic record-changer plays eight 10" or 12" records. The cabinet is beautifully veneered and streamlined and incorporates two record-storage compartments. Push-pull output ensures a reserve of available power and 12-inch speaker is used. Model D18SC, A.C., £120.



For your Bedside...



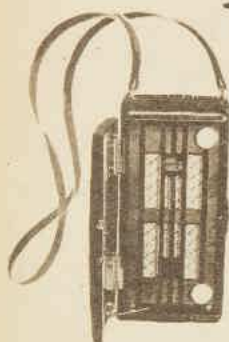
An ideal second set for bedroom, kitchen or verandah in this attractive 4-valve mantle in walnut plastic cabinet. Quality and selectivity are excellent, and small size, 6 1/2" x 11 1/2" x 3 1/2", enables them to be readily carried from room to room. The easily-read dial is edge-lit and a 5-inch speaker is used. Model G64MEZ, £16/16/-; G64MEX (using new reflex circuit), for country use, £18/18/-; G64MYZ (featuring miniature valves for better country reception), Vibrator operation, £24/4/-.

Slightly larger than the above, and incorporating an extra valve (5 in all), this mantle receiver, featuring a walnut plastic cabinet, is available for dual- or medium-wave reception. Quality of reception is superb, due to improved 5-inch speaker, newly-developed circuit design, and new I.F. transformer. H55DEX, dual-wave, A.C., £27/6/-; H55MEX, medium-wave, A.C., £23/12/6.

Also available in same cabinet, H55TU, three-band, A.C./D.C., £31.



For the Outdoors...



For picnics, beach-parties, etc., there's nothing to equal the 5-valve standard portable. Sturdily built and finished in leatherette with strong carrying handle, this quality receiver features a 5-inch speaker and miniature valves for increased sensitivity and tone. Batteries are contained within the receiver, but, if desired, larger types of batteries can be used externally. Battery-saving feature is included. Model G75MA, £29/7/6, including batteries.

The pick of the personal portables is this 4-valve receiver in moulded plastic case. Precision built, the weight is only 5 lb., and both quality and volume are outstanding. Miniature valves and 3 1/2-inch speaker give keen sensitivity and tone, and the circuit is designed for long battery life. Aerial is built into the cover and automatic volume control minimises directional effects. Model H74MA, with "over-the-shoulder" strap, £19/19/-, including batteries.



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The Purple Plain

Continued from page 5

As the girl fell, Forrester tried to put his left arm forward so that he could break the fall, but it was too late and he found it across her face immediately where she lay. He felt her head held downward in the dust, and said, "Hold it there; keep it there."

Then the fourth bomb fell, very near and so violent that he felt the shock of it shudder through her.

For what seemed an immensely long time he lay waiting for the fifth bomb to fall, the blank space of waiting seeming to go beyond the edges of the earth, and in the heart of it he heard an astonishing deafening sound from the house: the sound of Miss McNab singing.

It stopped a second or two later. The sound of a bomb crushed it out, and he thought, this is it. This is mine.

Then he felt once again the sensation that had for so long terrified him and made death seem a sweet and preferable thing, the sucking, smothering pull of close blast that seemed as if it would tear the clothes from his body and the skin off his face.

The immediate terror of it seemed suddenly to cancel out all his former terror, and in a moment he was doing what he had cursed and blamed himself so long and so often for not doing four years before. He held the girl violently to him with both arms and with all his strength. In a sort of angry defiance, he bravely thought: It shan't happen. Not again. I won't let it happen. I won't let it. And then the power of the blast suddenly seemed to extinguish itself.

He heard the rain of dust and debris coming down through the trees, striking the brittle fronds of palm and the flat banana leaves like a storm of hail.

Then the sixth bomb fell, somewhere beyond the compound, very loud, but now only like an echo of the one before it, and he knew that then, with luck, it was all over.

He lay for what seemed to him ten to fifteen minutes before he moved or tried to wake any movement in the girl. Afterwards he knew that it was only a second or two before she turned over her face.

Now the light of the house had gone out and he could not see her. He moved one of his hands and ran his fingers over her face and felt it covered with dust.

Presently, as they lay there, he began to wipe the dust away with his hand, feeling her mouth and eyes closed against it, and in the first few seconds of all this he had no time to think of anything except the fact that she was living; relief and anxiety and gladness not crystallising into one emotion or thought until he heard her speak.

"Are you all right?" she said. "I am all right," he said. "I'm so glad."

The tenderness and relief in her voice were for a moment more than he could bear. He smoothed his hands upwards for the last time across her face, letting them converge with great gentleness through her hair.

In the moment of pressing his face against her, in the sensation of touching her living flesh and in the reality of knowing that she, in turn, was glad he was living, he felt the things he had feared and hated go out of him for the last time. He would think of nothing but that he was alive and glad.

He held his mouth against her face for a few seconds before moving again. The gentleness of his affection brought from her only a very quiet response—the slightest turning of her face, without words, brushing her mouth against him, almost as if sleeping.

And then suddenly he seemed to wake violently. The sound of the engine had stopped. The sound of falling debris in the leaves was like an echo, and in the place of these sounds he could hear another. It was the sound of screaming.

As it rose from the village, from the terrified voices of children and women among the trees, it seemed to rush forward in an increasing wave of sound, like the noise of the bomb, until it became a single scream, terribly shrill and repeated from within the house.

The girl sprang to her feet. He sat up and listened with her to the scream coming across the compound. It was repeated regularly

and piercingly, curiously like a scream of joy.

Suddenly he realised that he did not know the voice. He knew that it was not any longer the scream of Miss McNab, nervous and volatile, to which he was listening. He knew, even before the girl began running towards the dark house, that he was listening to the screams of the mother.

Some minutes later he stumbled across a wreckage of bamboo fences and tangled branches and vines back into the compound from somewhere beyond the other side of the house. He was carrying in his arms the mutilated body of a boy, who moaned as he carried him, with a continuous pleading murmur, conscious, but without words. He carried the child straight across the compound to the little dispensary.

There were more lights in the house now, and he met Harris, stripped to the waist, walking across from the dispensary.

"Not here. In the house," Harris said.

Forrester turned and followed him, carrying the child across the compound and up the steps of the verandah and into the room where, it seemed to him a hundred years ago, he had been singing under the screaming leadership of Miss McNab.

In the first few seconds of going into the room, he stood with the

HAZEL



"What this country needs is more petrol rationing."

child in his arms and stared at the girl and her sister and her mother. They seemed to have come to life with cool efficiency and were tearing strips of cloth, talking together.

Then he took in other details of the room. Two brown bodies were laid across the table, bare of its tablecloth now, the meal scratched hastily from it. As he laid the boy gently on the floor, he saw another there, with a Burmese woman lying beside it, mute and tired and yellow with shock, eyes staring upward dumbly.

Then, even as he laid it down, he knew that a change had come over it. It had ceased moaning at last. He got up hastily and pulled off his bush jacket and covered the child with it, leaving only the face exposed.

When he got up a second time, it was to see, coming in from the kitchen, the astonishing figure of Miss McNab. He looked at her as if he were drunk. She was not the volatile, restless, screaming Miss McNab he had known. She had taken off her dress and was wearing nothing but a pale pink underslip, one of the shoulder straps of which had broken and was hanging down.

He thought for a moment wildly: She was hit. It blew the clothes off her. And then he saw that what she had done was quite deliberate. She had stripped herself of the vulgar flowing dress, and she was screaming no longer.

She had in her eyes the look of calm and efficient resource, cold and steadfast, rather grim in its selfless devotion, that he knew must have been there a long time ago, in the graceful and pleasant days at the mission, before the bitter journey north had begun.

As he stood looking at her, she said, in a low, normal voice, all

hysteria gone from it, so that it was like the voice of a different woman, "Will you boil quantities of water, Mr. Forrester, please? The fire is just outside. Quantities and quantities of water. God bless you."

He went through the kitchen and outside to the back of the house to where, in a part of the compound clear of the great tree, the fire was burning under a sort of open oven of rock. Miss McNab had left a large bucket of water on it and he could see it steaming a little in the light from the house.

Forrester stood for a minute dazed and trembling. Then he began to grope about the dust of the compound, finding lengths of bamboo for the fire and throwing them under the bucket. As the fire flamed up afresh, he felt great shudders of shock running through him, leaving him icy and weak and quivering, as if he were ill.

The worst of this passed off and he pulled himself together just as the girl came out of the house. She came straight towards him and he put out his arms and held her quietly, the last of his shudders almost dying out.

He did not say anything, but only held her against him, desperately trying to crush the last of his trembling out of himself. For a long moment they stood like that, her face against his cheek, not speaking.

Then she spoke. "We need the water," she said.

"It's almost ready," he said. "How are things?"

"They are still bringing people in," she said. "They are coming because they know the doctor is here."

"How many?" he said.

"There is a man and four women and three more children now."

He swore violently.

"Oh, please!" she said.

"I'm sorry," he said. He held her face with his hands. "I'm truly sorry." Her skin, very smooth and cool and clean of dust now, was comforting to his hands.

Very calm, she let him hold her face a moment longer. And in that final simple movement of calm intimacy, the shuddering went out of him, and he knew that he would be all right. He kissed her face, and then, lightly, but seriously and with a sort of relieved gladness, her lips, and heard her say a moment later, "There are a lot of reasons why you shouldn't do that."

"There are no reasons, and there never will be any reasons," he said. "You must bring the water," she said.

Then he remembered the scream. "Your mother!" he said.

"Yes," she said. "She can speak to us. She suddenly began speaking."

It seemed to him all at once that she did not want to talk of it. She turned away from him, crouching low over the fire, and in the light of it he saw her face troubled and anxious for the first time, its calmness gone. Something about its delicacy, nervous in the light of the fire, troubled him in turn. She seemed to be on the verge of a moment or two of delayed shock.

"Now it's you who are tired," he said. "Let me hold you."

Before he could touch her, she stood up again.

"No," she said. "No, I'm not tired. I am all right. We must go in with the water." She tried to lift the bucket from the fire.

"I'll do it," he said.

"Quickly then."

Before he could speak again, she had turned and gone into the house. He did not try to follow her, but stood for a few moments longer, pushing the unburned lengths of bamboo into the fire. Watching them flare fiercely and brightly, he crouched down, listening to a sound he had not consciously heard before.

At first, Forrester could not identify the sound. It was like low wind blowing in beneath the trees from across the plain. And then he realised it was not that.

He knew that it was the crying and whining of human voices—the excited, speechless, echoing murmurs of people weeping to each other in common grief.

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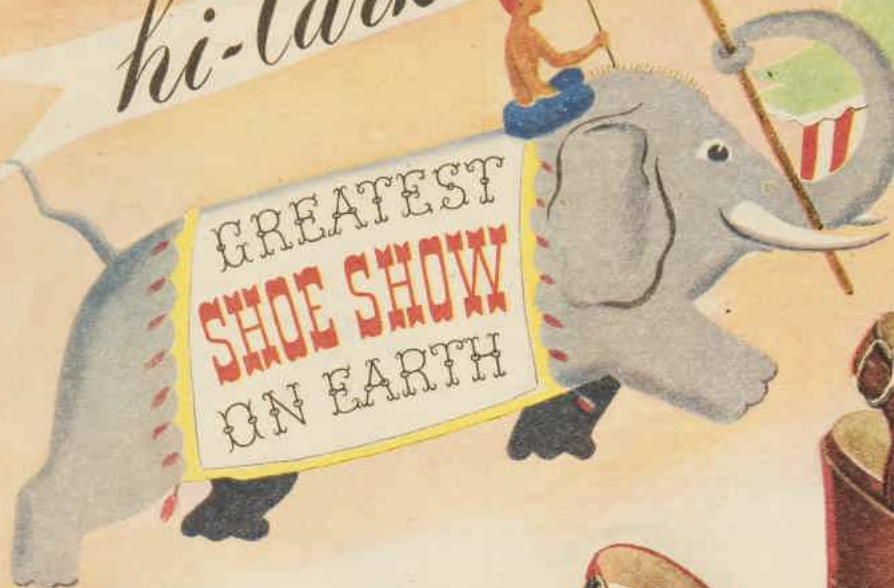
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KB 713

Please turn to page 22

hi-larks



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BARBARA STANWYCK and her husband, **Robert Taylor**, join in the applause for an entertainer at **Ciro's** in Hollywood during a Saturday night party last month.



BOB HOPE'S fancy dress costume caused much mirth at a recent Hollywood charity ball. His wife, **Dolores**, went as a gipsy. A comedy turn by Hope was the most successful event on the programme, contributed by many leading stars.



KIRK DOUGLAS helps his pretty wife, **Diana**, have the first taste of one of the savories provided for supper at a Hollywood party held in honor of veteran actor **Jean Hersholt**. Kirk came to films from New York.

At Hollywood parties



CESAR ROMERO'S broad shoulder serves as a perfect resting-place for the programme which **Ann Miller** is autographing for an admirer at a sports night event.



JUDY GARLAND seems more surprised at a cabaret turn than her husband, director **Vincente Minnelli**, when **Nat Dalling** photographed them at **Ciro's**. Judy's top-knot hair-do gives her a sophisticated look.



MAUREEN O'HARA'S new model hat keeps even her husband, **Will Price**, at a distance when they scan a dinner menu at **Slapsy-Maxie's** Hollywood restaurant. The hat was designed for the lovely Irish-born actress.



NELSON EDDY (right) and his wife welcome comedian **Eddie Bracken** when he volunteers to serve them from the buffet table during one of millionaire **Alvater Kent's** fabulous receptions.



BETTY HUTTON is photographed candidly by **Nat Dalling** when she and her husband, **Ted Brikin**, watch an acrobatic turn at a Hollywood nightclub. Betty's hat resembles an ice-bag with a floral cover. Her hair was dyed a new shade, called "Smoke," for her newest film.

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 10, 1948

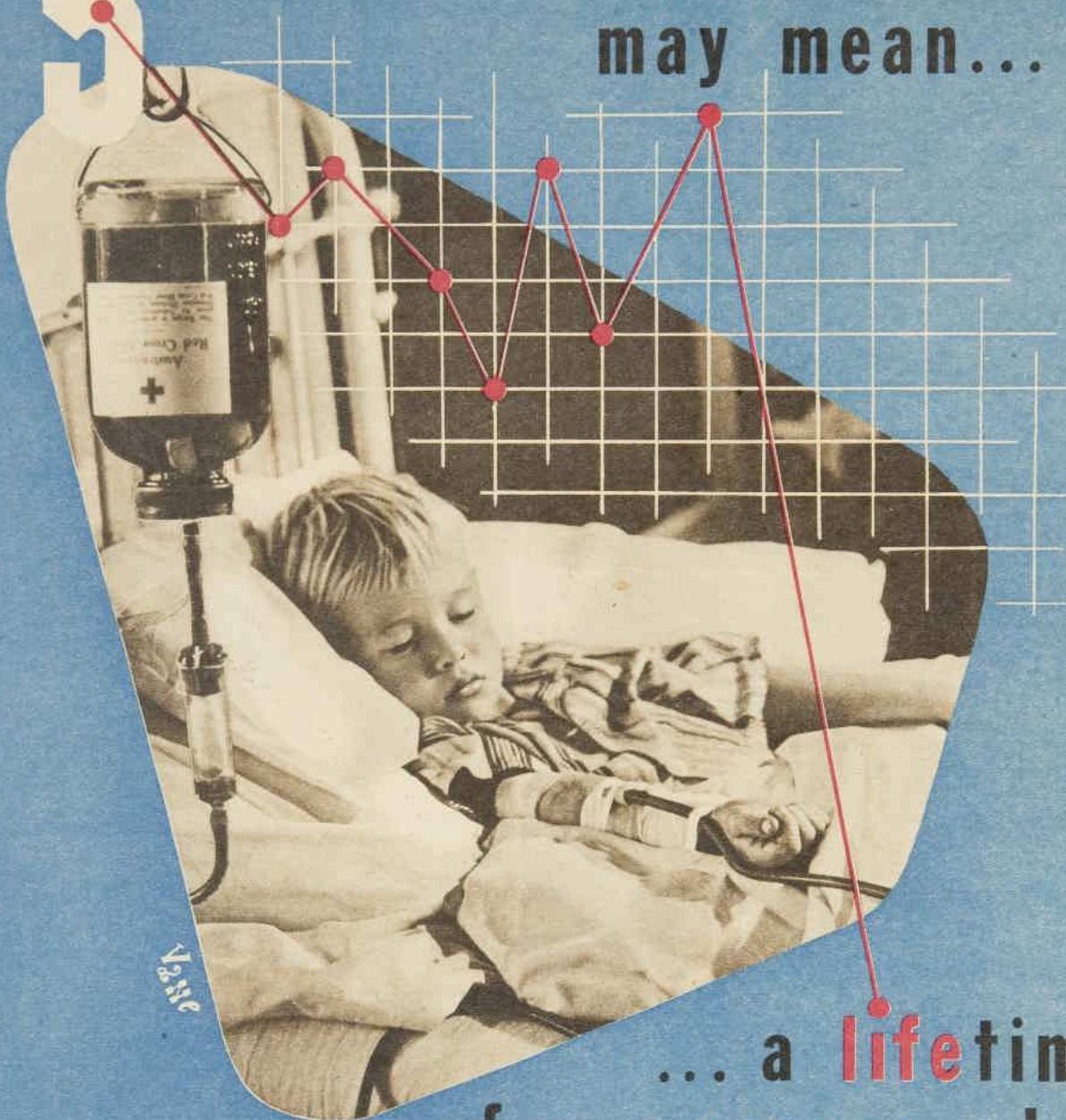
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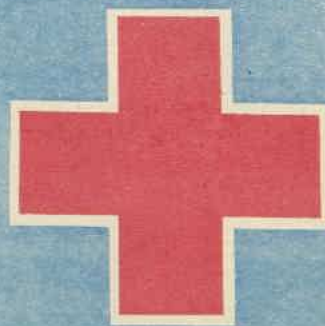
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THE AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

Duchess of Kent and family... new portraits



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA in her bridesmaid's frock. Now 11 years old, she already shows signs of inheriting her mother's good looks.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT in the frock of pink and silver brocade satin which she wore at the Royal wedding. Portrait study by Baron.



FAMILY GROUP of the Duchess and her children. Baron's portrait study at their home. They are all wearing the clothes they wore at Princess Elizabeth's marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh.

• These lovely photographs are the most recent portraits of the Duchess of Kent and her children.

The Duchess has lived quietly at her home, Coppins, in Buckinghamshire, since her husband's death in 1942, and has brought up her children as simply and naturally as possible.

She and her two elder children, the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra, ride about the village on bicycles bought to meet the petrol shortage.

Five-year-old Prince Michael takes great joy in turning the handle of the

bacon-slicing machine at the shop of the village grocer, who says:

"They are beautifully brought up children. Not an ounce of snobbery among them."

The Duchess of Kent has supervised the early education of her children. They have inherited their father's musical talent, and she has given them their first piano lessons.

The young Duke has for three years been a boarder at a preparatory school. He is keen on football and cricket, and is a "good worker," his school report says.



H.R.H. PRINCE MICHAEL, nearly six years old, who, with his cousin, Prince William, stole the show in the Royal wedding film.

Ketch makes port after 10 years' adventures

By our Special Correspondent in Darwin

Arrival in Darwin of the Sydney ketch Fram, with her owner-skipper, Mr. Bradford Potter, his wife, Beth, and 17-year-old son, David, aboard, has ended a story of ten years of amazing adventures and hardships.

A GREAT deal has happened and a lot of water has passed beneath the Fram's hull since August, 1938, when she moved gracefully from her anchorage in Port Jackson to set out on a world cruise.

In that time she has cruised for months around the Indies, sailed to India, and back to the Indies, been captured by the Japanese in Java and used as a freighter, restored to her owner and then drifted helpless with a broken rudder 300 miles back to Sourabaya in a second attempt to return to Australia.

Although 50-year-old Mr. Potter and the Fram have narrowly missed extinction many times, they are bound for further adventure.

Mr. Potter now plans to sail round Australia in the wake of the early navigator-explorers.

But Mrs. Potter, who flew to Singapore with her son, David, to sail back on the second attempt to bring the Fram home, has had enough of the sea. Although she is a keen sailor, she would like her husband to sell the ketch.

On the voyage from Singapore the Fram reached Sourabaya in record time, taking less than a month to cover the 1000-mile journey.

"But the voyage from Sourabaya to Darwin was by no means as peaceful," said Mr. Potter.

"We spent days running before a strong tropical gale, with hardly any breeze. The seas were so boisterous that we had to 'heave to' until the storm abated.

"About 100 miles out from Darwin we ran into the most treacherous storm I have ever experienced."

On one occasion he had to climb the rigging to repair the lightning-conductor, which had been damaged during the storm. While he was up the mast a flash of lightning struck, and he was temporarily blinded.

The Potter family are resting up in Darwin before Mrs. Potter and David leave for Sydney, where 17-year-old David is to resume his studies to become a schoolteacher.

On the voyage, Mrs. Potter was in charge of cooking, but also took her turn at the wheel.

"It's pretty hard trying to get meals ready when you're almost standing on your head," she said.

Mrs. Potter, who is a tall, slim woman, said she had lost over a stone in weight on the voyage.

She spoke with obvious pride of the seamanship of her son, David.

With his father he shared alternate three-hour watches at the helm during the two months' journey.

Mr. Potter, a former theatrical "prop" and scene-decorating manufacturer, had realised the dream of a lifetime when the Fram, designed to his own blueprints, was built and launched.

He and his wife and son and a small crew sailed to Java and Malaya, and cruised for months among the islands of the Indies, then went on to India.

While the Fram was laid up for repairs in Bombay the European war began and they decided to turn back.

In Java the Japanese invasion caught up with them. Mr. Potter was able to get his wife and son on to one of the last ships to run the Japanese blockade safely.

Bradford Potter stayed on in



OWNER-SKIPPER of the Fram, Mr. Bradford Potter (left), with his wife and son when they arrived in Darwin.

Sourabaya with a Cingalese member of his crew.

"With the Japanese only across the track, all hopes I had of escape to Australia vanished," he said.

"I made for the open country, and worked on a coffee estate for a Dutchman until I was captured several months later. The date for my execution was fixed by the Japs, but it transpired I was not the man they were looking for."

When the other man was captured Potter was interned.

Back in Australia Mrs. Potter and their family had no word of him until after the Japanese capitulated.

The Fram was taken over by the Japanese for commercial use.

Years of terrifying experiences at the hands of the Japanese left Potter a very sick man, but his love for the sea had not waned.

"British Naval authorities in Java told me the Fram had been recovered and lay at anchor at Sourabaya," he said.

He found his "dream baby," a derelict, stripped and rotting in a small estuary at Sourabaya.

Every piece of furniture and fittings had been stripped by the Japs and

Indonesians. The Fram was just a floating hulk, but she lay at anchor on an even keel and her hull appeared seaworthy.

By a stroke of luck he recovered the log of the Fram together with the ship's instruments, which had been concealed by a friend in a well.

"With the help of my faithful Cingalese, I spent 18 months working on the Fram," he said. "Work at last was completed and I set sail for Australia."

After weeks of terrifying experiences during which the Fram was tossed violently by the elements and carried through the treacherous storm-swept waters of the island with only a jury rig it was halted about 300 miles south of Java with a damaged rudder.

"At this time the winds and currents changed direction and we were swept back through the same channels we had sailed through until we finally reached Sourabaya," said Mr. Potter.

When the Fram was again ready for the sea, Potter sailed her to Singapore, where he installed an engine and his wife and son joined him.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT will be 13 in October. He will soon go to Eton.

APRIL 10, 1948

EDUCATION CENTENARY

THE centenary of public education in Australia will be celebrated in N.S.W. this month.

A national education conference in Canberra will follow.

When the first four public schools were established in N.S.W. in 1848, there were 120 pupils and the education grant was £2000. In N.S.W. alone last year's figures were 2750 schools, 344,000 pupils, and £11,000,000 grant, including capital expenditure.

The immediate goal of Australia's educational pioneers was to reduce illiteracy.

Now, educationists believe that the health of the child, its training for leisure and for future citizenship are as much the school's responsibility as training to earn a living.

But education must be prepared to cope with even greater responsibilities.

Among the aims of the conference at Canberra will be a Federal loan of £100,000,000, raising of the school age to 16, free medical and dental care for all schoolchildren, smaller classes, workshop, library, and assembly hall for every large school, and extension of facilities for adult education.

In a world that needs enlightened and balanced citizens so urgently, the public, as well as teachers, should take an intense interest in the Canberra conference.



MAJOR - GENERAL Sir Frederick Sykes, distinguished English visitor to Australia, has crowded more into his 71 years than most people would if they lived to be 150.

He has been a tea-planter, airman, soldier, Member of Parliament, Governor, author, and business director. He speaks French, German, Spanish, Italian, and some Indian dialects.

One of his greatest current activities is the British Sailors' Society, of which he is treasurer. His visit to Australia is mainly to boost the society, because he believes that sailors, along with miners and men on the land, are among the most important men in the Empire.

Sir Frederick, who is lean and distinguished-looking, had a particular interest in his visit to South Australia, for he was once offered the post of Governor of the State. That was in 1920, the year of his marriage to Isabel, daughter of England's Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law. Because of his father-in-law's poor health, he declined the offer.

At 17 he went to Colombo, and became a tea-planter, but he found this horizon too limited.

After his return to England he enlisted as a trooper for the Boer War, came out of it with the Queen's Medal with four clasps and a commission.

That began his long and distinguished career as a professional soldier—a career which included a course in ballooning with the Royal Engineers back in 1904. Later he learned to fly a plane, was one of the first six English Army officers to qualify, and the ninety-seventh person in England to get a licence.

In the first World War he rose to be Chief of the Air Staff, and later became Controller of Civil Aviation.

His marriage in 1920 to the Prime Minister's daughter created great interest, and among their presents was a diamond brooch for Lady Sykes from the King and Queen.

Rudyard Kipling gave them a complete set of his works, autographed, and two years later became godfather to their son, Bonar.

In 1922 he was elected to the House of Commons, and in 1928 became Governor of Bombay.

Since his return to England in 1932 he has served again in the House of Commons, and was chairman of the Miners' Welfare Commission from 1934 until the nationalisation of mines last year.

Night-club slump

NIGHT-CLUBS and expensive restaurants in London's West End are having a thin time at present, according to our London office.

Gone is the money-spending younger set of wartime and the first few months of peace.

"Even the wealthiest of my clients, who, just after the war, dined and danced here three or four evenings a week, now appear only once a week, and sometimes only once a fortnight," said the owner of one famous restaurant.

The manager of a well-known night-club says that business had fallen off so much in the past three months that he has had to replace his orchestra with a pianist.

The only places that seem unaffected by the slump are the Bagatelle, Ciro's, and the Mirabelle, where members of the Royal Family often dine and dance.



Queen for a day

WE'VE often cast some covetous thoughts on those lavish prizes they hand out in American radio contests, and now have an account, from former Australian girl Mrs. Elise Rapier, of California, of what it feels like to win them.

Mrs. Rapier was chosen "Queen For a Day" at a recent radio contest held at Earl Carroll's Vantities Theatre, Hollywood, and tells the story in a letter to her mother, Mrs. Lynde, of Darling Point.

She was selected from more than 1700 women in the audience to go on stage and give her wish if she were Queen. She asked to ring her mother in Australia.

"Everyone clapped and cheered when I told them the wish, and I was chosen as the Queen," she wrote. In addition to the long distance call, the sponsors:

Set her up on a throne with a red velvet cloak, silver crown, and girl model to act as lady-in-waiting. Presented her with a glamorous suit, pearls, accessories, cosmetics, and several handbags.

Wheeled a refrigerator on stage, and gave her tickets for a week's holiday with her husband at the Hotel Del Mar, California.

Arranged a tour of Hollywood studios, where she met film stars Alexis Smith, Ron Reagan, Zachary Scott, and others.

But the highlight of the rewards, she said, was a tour of nightclubs lasting until 3 a.m., in preparation for which she was given a two-hours' glamorizing session in one of the biggest Hollywood beauty parlors.

"I had a wonderful time, and was the envy of millions of women," she wrote.

Child welfare

DR. MARY GUTTERIDGE, now visiting her brother, Dr. Noel Gutteridge, in Brisbane, is on 12 months' holiday from the Merrill Palmer Institute, Detroit, U.S.A., where she is head of the department of early childhood education and a staff member of the psychology department.

Although the main purpose of her visit is to see her family, she is taking an interest in child welfare in Australia.

"In my 12 years' absence," she said, "there has been a great advance in the work of the kindergarten training colleges and free kindergartens, and in the formation of the Australian Association of Pre-School Child Development."

Dr. Gutteridge believes in the value of the exchange of students between Australia and other English-speaking countries. This movement is taking hold already in America and England.

She is also anxious that overseas lecturers on child development should visit Australia. She thinks that some of the outstanding leaders in child development would entertain the idea, and that their colleges would release them on leave of absence for the purpose.

Composes songs

WHENEVER Oscar W. Walters, commercial traveller, of Sydney, has a few minutes to spare on his job, he may be seen jotting down a musical score on a spare envelope or an old letter.

Three years ago his first composition, "Love Song to a Tree," won the Australian Federation of Commercial Broadcasting Stations' competition. There were over 200 entries.

An immediate popular success, it has been recorded by Peter Dawson, Thes Phillips and Clem Williams.

Since then he has had six songs published, and composed "This Golden Land," written at the request of Hungarian tenor Gafni, who sang it during his Australian tour.

Another song specially written for Gafni, and dedicated to him, is "My Garden of Remembrance."

"I don't waste any time wishing I had started song writing as a younger man," Oscar Walters told us in a talk we had with him. "Because as a less mature man I don't think that I'd have had the songs in me."

"I've never read a poem right through in my life. The ones I started reading I didn't like. But I'm a sentimental man."

"People ask where on earth do the songs come from. To be perfectly frank, I often wonder the same thing myself."

Oscar Walters composes anywhere, any time. He has given up all other interests, and when not taking orders for men's and women's clothing and shoes, gives the whole of his spare time to composing.

He sometimes writes the lyric as well as the music. Sometimes, as in the case of "This Golden Land" (the lyric is by John Wheeler), he has other people write the words for him.

He is working now on something quite different from the ballads with which he made his name. It is an oratorio on the life of Christ, and will take three hours to perform. An Australian bishop is writing the words.

VICTORIAN Church of England schools evidently believe in catching their cricketers young.

Recently Ivanhoe Grammar and Trinity Grammar played interschool matches with four junior teams... under six, under seven, under eight, and under nine.

Cured of queueing

A MELBOURNE housewife who cannot resist a bargain says she is cured. Wandering in a large store, she saw dozens of women standing in a queue.

"Aha, this must be something worth waiting for," she thought as she took up her position.

Twenty minutes later she reached her goal to find the bargains were enormous wall mirrors with scenes painted on them... ornaments she'd never liked, and not so cheap either.

She hadn't the courage to refuse the enormous parcel that was thrust upon her. The store wasn't delivering this particular line.

Horrified, she turned to pass her purchase on to the woman behind her. But the queue had melted away. She had landed the last mirror!

Horse-drawn

STRANGE vehicles have appeared on English roads since the petrol cuts. Smart chauffeurs are seen driving dog carts, while many children are driving themselves to school in little pony traps.

Recently, meandering down Whitehall there appeared the tiniest imaginable governess cart drawn by a miniature pony and driven by a very upright, elderly lady in an enormous hat.

In the corner of the cart opposite her sat a Pekingese dog wrapped in a multi-colored rug.

A bus conductor called out: "Look out, everyone, there go Dignity and Impudence."

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

ONE of the worst aspects of the present uneasy world situation is the growing acceptance of the likelihood of another war.

As pernicious as anything is the attitude that you sometimes hear expressed:

"Oh well, we might as well have it now and get it over."

This statement always makes me quite purple with exasperation. If there's another war it won't be a case of "getting it over," because those who aren't dead or maimed will probably starve, vie, and vanquish alike.

Which reminds me, I would like to throttle the corner of the phrase, the "cold war."

Such phrases are among the causes that produce acceptance of the inevitability of a third war.

MEANWHILE, among all the pessimistic talk of war, a New Jersey (U.S.A.) engineer is doing something that he considers practical about it. Like the little pig who built the house imperiously to the wolf's building and puffing, he is constructing an atom-bombproof house in the side of a mountain.

It's a very elaborate structure, using thousands of tons of concrete, and has an underground airtight room, resistant to radioactivity.

He believes that if New Jersey, an important military area, is atom-bombed, he may be the sole survivor, a prospect that does not appeal to me as particularly cheery.

In any case, won't he be furious if he wakes up one day on a cloud with a harp, to learn that he's knocked over by a train after all!

THE scheme adopted in some States for sending edible fat to Britain sounds an excellent one.

It was described in Sydney recently by Mrs. M. Watts, of the Society of Friends International Services. The fat is taken by housewives to depots, clarified in bulk, and sent to the British Ministry of Food.

Tons of fat must go to waste every year in Australian households. I think those of us who often throw away the surplus from grills never do it without a feeling of guilt.

Yet to clarify it and have it soldered in tins for individual parcels is quite a job for most hard-worked housewives and the postage rates put such parcels beyond the reach of many.

Sending it in bulk would require very little effort for the donors, and it is to be hoped this plan can be adopted throughout Australia.

SOME dames paint and others can sing.

Some are a smash at bridge or rhombas;

I'm not accomplished at anything Except—I remember telephone numbers.

When friends want to ring the railway station,

Their Auntie Mary, or Thomas Cook,

They come to me for their information,

And never bother to look up the book.

I suppose it's a talent one ought to prize,

But I fear it only my brain encumbers,

And at parties nobody EVER cries:

"Please recite some telephone numbers."



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored
pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. After many adventures
they encounter a ghostly white sailing-ship
which sends forth a deadly sleeping mist.

Crew of the Argos are almost overcome before
Mandrake and Lotzar get them below deck.
Air-tight flood doors keep out the choking
mist, but the air will not last for long. Donning
portable underwater helmets, Mandrake and
Lotzar board the ship. Lotzar, who is ahead,
runs terrified through a room of skeletons,
and disappears. **NOW READ ON:**



**MANDRAKE RACES
TO THE DECK--THE
SLEEPING MISTS HAVE
CLEARED AWAY--THEN
HE SEES THAT THE
GHOST SHIP IS MOVING
AWAY FROM THE
ARGOS--SPEEDING
THROUGH THE WAVES--
CARRYING HIM
--WHERE?**



**HE REMOVES HIS HELMET
--THEN LOOKS UP AT THE
BILLOWY SAILS--AND IS
AMAZED TO SEE THEM
FILLED WITH CHANGING
COLOURS--"NO WONDER
THIS SHIP DRIVES MEN
MAD," HE THINKS.**



**"STEADY, OLD BOY," MANDRAKE
TELLS HIMSELF. "A SHIP DRIVEN
BY SKELETONS? IMPOSSIBLE.
THE DECK IS SOLID ENOUGH.
THERE MUST BE SOME
EXPLANATION."**



**HE DECIDES TO EXPLORE THE VESSEL-- BEFORE GOING BELOW
DECK, HE GLANCES INTO A CABIN-- IT IS ALL MADE UP, NEAT
AND CLEAN--BUT WITHOUT A SIGN OF LIFE. MADDENING....**



**THEN, AS HE STEPS OUT
ON THE DECK AGAIN, HE
SEES--THE UNEXPECTED!**



**A POWERFUL OLD MAN--WITH A YOUNG GIRL. "I AM
CAPTAIN GAR, COMMANDER OF THIS SHIP, AND THIS
IS MY DAUGHTER," HE SAYS, HIS KEEN EYES
TWINKLING WITH LAUGHTER AT MANDRAKE'S
AMAZEMENT.**



**A DOZEN QUESTIONS COME TO MANDRAKE'S LIPS.
JUST THEN, GROUPS OF SAILORS COME FROM BELOW
DECKS, GOING ABOUT THEIR WORK, SHOUTING TO
EACH OTHER--AND THE GHOST SHIP SUDDENLY
COMES TO LIFE--**



**AND THE MISSING LOTHAR COMES ON
DECK. "HE FELL THROUGH TRAPDOOR,"
HE EXPLAINS SHAMEFACEDLY--
AND SEEING AN ARMED
SAILOR, MANDRAKE ASKS
--"ARE WE PRISONERS?"**

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

THRILLER films usually fall
into two classes, one where
the identity of the killer is a
mystery to the audience, and
one where the audience knows
the criminal early.

In maintaining suspense, it is
more difficult to cope with the
second type of murder yarn.

All the mental torture of the
innocent suspect has an artificiality
and the lies and evasions of the real
criminal lose their portent.

Aldous Huxley wrote a story some
years ago called "The Giacunda
Smile," which Universal International
has adapted under the
mediocre title of "A Woman's Ven-
geance."

Huxley used a time-worn theme,
but his sophisticated handling of it
lifts it out of the programme thriller
file.

It is good to see Charles Boyer
return to the screen in this film.

Well past the matinee-idol age,
Boyer still has the force and apti-
tude to control audience interest in
all his scenes, but I consider that his
work was outshone by that of
Jessica Tandy and Sir Cedric Har-
dewicke.

Boyer has the disadvantage of
appearing in scenes in which the
mood of suspense is at its lowest
ebb, with the exception of the
prison scene in which he is taunted
by the unbalanced, frustrated killer
(Jessica Tandy), who hopes to see
him die for the crime she com-
mitted.

All the submerged darkness of the
mind of a maniac comes to light as
her madness develops, and Jessica
Tandy's delineation of Jenny Spence
is beautifully timed.

Sir Cedric Hardewicke as the
doctor, who by gentle and incessant
mental suggestion brings her to a
final crack-up and confession, shows
his talent for the portrayal of a
completely believable character.

The film is at the Lyceum.

It is unkind to assume
that because a star has
not appeared in a film for
several years she (or he) will be
more or less doddering when making
a comeback.

We say a bit amusingly, "So-and-so
must be getting on; I wonder why
she (or he) has come back to films?"

Let me say that Jeanette Mac-
Donald deserves nothing but praise
for her screen return in MGM's
technicolor modern musical, "Three
Daring Daughters."

Together with Jose Iturbi and
Edward Arnold, Jeanette provides
the more palatable minutes of a
sugary story concerned with the
bird-brain antics of three tiresome
brats. The film is at the St. James.

MAYBE it is just as difficult
for an actress to maintain
an expressionless face for
90 per cent. of a feature-length film
as it is for her to register every
known kind of emotion.

If this is so, let me congratulate
Veronica Lake for her performance
in "Saigon," Paramount's adventure
yarn set in Indo-China. As the
heroine she registers as much
warmth as the Sphinx.

"Saigon" will entertain in its own
way, mostly because of Alan Ladd,
Wally Cassells, and Luther Adler.
The film is at the Prince Edward.

Your Coupons

TEA: 0-20 (0-10 expires April 18,
when 21-34 become available).
BUTTER: 15-25 (expires April 18,
when 16-18 become available).
MEAT: Red, 25-35 (expires April 18,
when 36-50 become available); Bone,
15-30 (expires April 18, when 41 and
42 become available).
CLOTHING: 1-50 (1947), 1-50
(1948).

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The Australian Women's Weekly—April 10, 1948

THE NEW MANDRAKE BOOK now on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls.

PRICE, 6d.

Romantic Spring

★ The most romantic fashions seen this century are being displayed in Paris by famous designers. On this page is a representative group showing the latest trends.

As skirts spread lavishly over rounded hips the tiny waistlines creep higher and higher. Frills and flounces are designed for movement. A spiral flounce folding back and finishing with a side-to-side moving fishtail train and wobbly bustle effect is called "zig-zag."

These backwards-flowing skirts come from tight waistlines and moulded bodices.

Skirts lengthen by the clock. Starting at twelve inches from the ground for sports they drop to ten inches for afternoon and to the ankle for the evening.

● Absinthe-green self-striped satin and tulle evening dress. By Jean Dessès. By looping the sides in apron effect with back fullness he has modified last year's "new look" silhouette.

● A white muslin dress by Christian Dior has the skirt pleated in tiers separated by narrow bands of Irish lace.

● Bustline of C. wool formal hat by pleating cotton top. Black wave black plastic with black top.

● Edwardian of dark blue manages to make slim silhouette back to show tailfeather. Novelty feather.



ing in Paris



● Carven's built-in bra-top dominates this white crepe dinner dress lavishly embroidered with gold on the moulded torso or "balconnette" corset.



Carven's grey dress emphasised with a brassiere and bows and heels match up and gloves.



● Zig-zag, Christian Dior's new line, is introduced in this frock of blue faille, in which the bust is emphasised and the front tight, concentrated fullness being caught into a flared train and outsize bustle.

for Molyneux dress which nevertheless give this designer's ruffled skirt lifts at one or two of check boots with high heels picture.

● Samba afternoon dress by Carven, in grey-and-white striped tulle with mauve velvet joining up the striped bands that mount horizontally to low hipline. Full inset sleeves, wrist bands, and boater finished with tailored bow add to quaint old-fashioned look.

As he crouched listening to the crying, Forrester was troubled by something else. He knew that somewhere he had heard that sound before, pitched on just that same crying, murmuring note, rising in just that same way in the darkness.

For a few moments longer he sat trying to remember where it was, tormented by its familiarity and haunted by its awful intangible melancholy, until at last he did remember. He knew then where he heard that same sound, in another language and yet always the same language.

It was the sound you always heard, rising and falling in the street, in the first moment after the falling of a bomb.

As the remembrance of it swept over him in a wave of impotence and futility he got up and took the bucket and went into the house. He was confronted immediately there, not by the girl, but by the calm and almost noiseless figure of Miss McNab.

He thought perhaps he had been a long time heating the water in the bucket; he seemed to have struggled back through years in order to identify the terrible, crying voices.

But as Miss McNab took the bucket from him she said, "Splendid. You've been very quick," and he felt relieved and glad.

"More, please. Quantities and quantities, please, Mr. Forrester," she said. "You'll find another bucket outside."

Without answering, he stood for a moment and took in swiftly what was happening in the room: the girl and her mother still tearing strips of cotton cloth into bandages, Harris bending over the table on which lay a small Burmese girl.

On the floor the woman still lay by the covered body of the little

Continuing . . . The Purple Plain

from page 13

boy. All that was happening seemed to be governed by the strange, orderly calm of Miss McNab, skilful and yet unridiculous in her under-ship, her small bright eyes calm, even the mass of her dyed untidy hair no longer fantastic.

Harris, too, moved with calm and rather slow but unbroken efficiency about the table. In the light of the lamp, all his boyishness had gone, so that he was no longer the man who had regarded the occupation of Burma as a huge fraternal joke.

And in all that was happening except for the whimpering of the child on the table and the heavy, gasping breath of the woman on the floor, there was only a single sound of panic.

To Forrester's astonishment, it was not the sound of the mother, as he thought at first, but the voice of Anna's elder sister Dorothy. The sound of her whimper of hysteria was astonishing and troubling in the little room. The trembling of her breath was sharply like the echo of the wailing voices outside.

In the few seconds as he stood there watching all this, something else happened. He heard Harris say, with abrupt impatience, "Scissors, please! scissors!" He saw the mother swiftly drop her bandage and move away.

Then, as she crossed the room, coming towards him, Forrester saw the girl move even more quickly from beyond the table, coming towards him in the same way.

In a second she was across the room, going straight between himself and the mother, saying with astonishing violent cuttness, "It's all right. Go back. I'll get them."

He watched the girl with absolute astonishment as she went past him, but she did not look up. She

was breathing very fast, as if she were frightened.

The way she went past him without speaking gave him suddenly the feeling that he was not wanted, the feeling that she might suddenly have regretted all that had happened—that all the gentleness and intimacy between them had been a mistake.

Forrester went outside again. The fire of bamboo had burned itself down. He stirred it, and the dry husks of bamboo shot into flame.

Immediately afterwards Miss McNab came to the door of the

steps of the verandah and filling it with water.

He moved at first savagely, in anger against himself, but gradually he felt the anger spread out in cool distribution through his limbs and finally leave him altogether. He knew that what Miss McNab said was right.

Then suddenly, as he moved about the compound, he looked up and listened and knew that the murmur of voices was in some mysterious way gathering strength.

As he became aware of it he remembered how once he had stood in the heart of Calcutta and watched the fluttering armies of Indians, in their white sholis so like nervous swarming white ants.

It had suddenly struck him then that if they should ever be driven to run in mass to escape the terror of bombing, the sort of bombing that Enorpe knew, they would trample down in an hour or two, by the sheer power of panic, all of that huge, flimsy city.

Now, as he listened to the sound of voices rising on all sides of him in the darkness, he knew that he was listening to the same thing.

After a moment he began to move towards the house. He did not know quite what he was going to do. He stood still again and listened.

The sound of voices clotted itself all about him with a harsher, darker, more powerful note, growing closer all the time. And then he knew what was happening.

He knew that they were going out. Even though it was night, they were going out in a single panic exodus to somewhere across the plain.

Forrester went into the house. He met Miss McNab at the door.

"Something is happening," he said. "Listen."

OUR COVER

THE distinguished British actor Sir Laurence Olivier is the subject of our cover this week. The color photograph shows him as Hamlet in the Two Cities film of Shakespeare's play.

Sir Laurence and his wife, Vivien Leigh, arrived here recently to appear in "Richard III," "The School for Scandal," and "Skin Of Our Teeth."

house, saying to him: "Mr. Forrester, the water is in the tank. I was forgetting you didn't know. At the end of the verandah there."

He stopped her before she went back into the house. "What was the matter with Anna just now?"

"She's a fine wee girl," Miss McNab said. "The finest we ever had. She was the youngest ever to go on to the university."

"She looked frightened," he said.

"Mr. Forrester," she said, "it's the first time she's been bombed. It's the first time any of us have been bombed. We're all frightened."

"I'm sorry," he said. He was overcome suddenly by the idiosyncrasy of his own selfishness.

"She's been very brave," Miss McNab said. "Wonderfully brave."

He could not speak. "I think she's been brave because you were here," she said. "She had to show you that."

He stood staring at the fire, watching the flames consume the flaming husks of bamboo as his own anger was consuming now, all dry and bitter, his own stupidity and selfishness.

"You've seen all this sort of thing," Miss McNab said. "It's not new to you. You're used to it. What she did she had to take from you. And she is very glad of that."

"I'll get the water," he said. As he picked up the bucket to move across to the water tank, she said, "Are you married, Mr. Forrester? Excuse my asking a personal question."

"No," he said.

"I'm glad," she said. Suddenly Miss McNab pointed across to the village, where the wailing, low and confused, still went on.

"If it weren't for you, she would be doing that," Miss McNab said. "She'd be giving way to that awful panic. You saw the sister."

"Yes," he said.

"They're not like us," Miss McNab said. "Made of ice, God forgive us. I know. I've lived with them forty years. I came out here as a young girl. They wait it out of themselves. You've heard it in India, Mr. Forrester. They wait it out of themselves. They can't leave it in, as you and I could. To rot."

Forrester wanted in that moment to say something to her, to tell her more intimately of some of the things, perhaps all the things, that had troubled him, with awful self-tribulation, for so long. But before he could speak she had gone into the house.

She turned only, as she went in, to say, "If you think you could be making a cuppa tea after the next bucket, we'd all be glad. It's awful hot and thirsty."

"I will," he said.

No sooner had she gone than he found the remedy for his own sickness of himself in action: collecting bamboo from the compound, building the fire, finding another large flat tin pannikin under the

stood very still, quite calm. Even from inside the room Forrester could hear the deep march of voices. They were so heavy and near now that it seemed they would trample down the house.

"They are going down to the river," she said.

As she spoke he looked round the room. Only the doctor, the mother, the sister, and the wounded were there. The girl had disappeared, and in a moment some of the panic he heard in the voices outside shot through him swiftly.

"Where's Anna?" he said.

"She's gone across to the dispensary."

As he turned and went out of the house and down the steps of the verandah and across the compound towards the little dispensary, he knew by the strength of the voices that the crowd, congested and slow on the little track between the houses, was still some distance away.

Halfway across the compound he saw the girl coming quickly out the door of the dispensary. And in the exact moment of seeing her he remembered the jeep. It was standing where Harris had left it. In the track, partly barring the way the crowd would come.

Suddenly it struck Forrester that, standing there, it was a dangerous thing. It occurred to him that the crowd would smash it.

In the few seconds of thinking all this he reached the girl. She looked at him in surprise, no longer frightened. Then, as he said something to her about the crowd moving out to the river, he saw her lift her head, startled, as if hearing the panic sound of it for the first time. "I'm going to move the jeep," he said. "Stay there."

To be continued

HE COULDN'T MAKE A HIT WITH THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER UNTIL...

YOUNG TRAVIS JUST BOOMED FROM OUR COUNTRY OFFICE, DEAR, I THOUGHT WE'D ASK HIM HOME FOR THE WEEK-END.

GOOD IDEA, I'LL HAVE HELEN INVITE A FEW OF HER YOUNG FRIENDS IN.

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT NO PARTY TONIGHT?

OH, DADNO, I JUST HAD TO PUT IT OFF, MR. TRAVIS CHANGING THOUGHTS—BUT, REALLY, THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR "B.O."

WHAT A ZIPPY, TANGY FEELING WITH LIFEBOUY IN MY SHOWER! "B.O." WILL NEVER WORRY ME AGAIN.

SIX MONTHS LATER

WILL YOU LOOK AT THOSE TWO? LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM, ISN'T IT?

THINKS! I COULDN'T ASK FOR A NICER YOUNG MAN FOR MY HELEN.

IT'S FUN TO LEAD THE LIFEBOUY LIFE

See if you don't have more friends, more fun, more success when you start using Lifebuoy in your daily shower. Lifebuoy is the one soap specially made to stop "B.O." With its special health ingredient Lifebuoy gives lasting, all-over protection.

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

NO WISHY-WASHY COLOURED ON WASHDAY WITH

Rinso's THICKER, RICHER SUDS

Have you seen the way a coloured frock or dirdal perks up after a Rinso wash? Why, those pinks and blues and greens look fresh as flowers in the bush! No matter whether you put your coloureds through the "boil" or do them in the tub, you can leave ALL the hard work to Rinso, because its suds are so thick and rich. Without an ounce of rubbing Rinso gives a wash that sparkles.

Let RINSO suds do the hard work for you

World-wide Praise for LANTIGEN 'B'

THE ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN
IMMUNISATION TREATMENT FOR

CATARRH

Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma
Sinus and Antrum Infections

and other similar Respiratory Tract Disorders

From many parts of the world come letters from grateful users who have proved for themselves the wonderful benefits which come from the use of Lantigen 'B,' the original dissolved oral vaccine. In nearly 12 years in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and other parts of the world, more than a million bottles of Lantigen have been sold. The letters here are typical of thousands and show the wonderful benefits you may receive.



LANTIGEN IS PREPARED BY EXPERT BACTERIOLOGISTS

READ THESE
PERSONAL WRITTEN
TESTIMONIES

Canadian Relieved from Bronchitis.

I am writing to let you know what Lantigen 'B' has done for me. First, I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through, without waking around three o'clock choked up and getting no more rest the remainder of the night. It has been sent to me to learn of Lantigen what it has done for me—it is a weight in gold—mine being stubborn, severe attacks of asthma. I have just consumed one bottle.—Mrs. May site, 360a Balliol Street, Ont.

Marvellous Treatment for Catarrh.

Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings, and take quite an interest in life again."

Amazing Relief from Catarrh, Bronchial Asthma, Everlasting Colds!

"The whole world should know of the wonderful healing power of Lantigen 'B,'" says Mr. John A. Eppel, of 10 Matthew Street, Lane Cove, Sydney. "After years of suffering from bronchitis, catarrh, aural headaches and earaches (during which time I had three sinus operations to no avail), I turned to Lantigen 'B' at the start of this year. I have not had the slightest attack this winter of any of my old troubles, and I am convinced I can control these for all time."

Medical Opinion on Oral Immunisation ★

Louis Pasteur, who established that germs cause disease, and vaccines could treat and immunise it.

Continued success of oral vaccines (are taken by mouth) is praised by leading doctors and research workers. Dr. E. Cronin Laws reports in the British Medical Journal of January 15, 1936, as follows: "In my experience the oral antigens have been

mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions, and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

And the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, say: "The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

GUARANTEED NOT TO HARM THE HEART

Does not interfere with other treatments.

★ Lantigen Treats First, Then Promotes Immunity

MORE THAN A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD!

Lantigen 'B' is prepared by highly skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.



Taken by
mouth — acts
immediately.
No injections
— no drugs

You need no injections, because Lantigen 'B' is taken very simply by mouth, in water, on retiring. It contains NO DRUGS and is perfectly safe for young or old. The recommended treatment costs less than 3d per day.

No Need For You To Suffer

Yes, you can get wonderful relief from catarrh, bronchitis, bronchial asthma, sinus or antrum infections—relief from the misery these conditions cause you—just by taking a few drops of Lantigen 'B' in water at bedtime.

Lantigen 'B' provides a remarkable
double benefit . . .

First — TREATMENT:

In most cases Lantigen 'B' brings prompt relief—relieves coughing—freezes stuffy noses, eases tight bronchial congestion and catarrhal headaches—lets you breathe freely once again—lets you sleep peacefully—improves your general health.

Second — IMMUNITY:

Because it is a vaccine it helps in building up natural resistance to the germs which cause your trouble, neutralises their poisons and may immunise against their return, sometimes for years.

Product of EDINBURGH LABORATORIES
103 York Street, Sydney.



The "Colorimeter" shown above is but one of the many scientific appliances in regular use in the Edinburgh Laboratories, to ensure that Lantigen always maintains the highest possible standards.



Lantigen bottles, straight from the sterilising unit, are filled under the rays of the "Sterilan-p," thus providing all possible freedom from contamination.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST AT ONCE FOR

Lantigen 'B'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

For CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA,
SINUS OR ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS



FAM-SHAPED HATS are choice of Mrs. John Bonill and Mrs. Gordon Wharton for Randwick. Constance wears cherry-red with green and red tulle ribbon trimming, matching her gloves, and Shirley chooses white felt with navy and red quills.



YOUTHFUL RACE-GOERS. Margaret Brownhill, of "Beaudeert," Mudgee, in finely tucked and pleated lemon wool frock with grey hat, discusses runners in Sydney Cup with Ann Freeman and Patricia Smith, who favor popular corduroy velvet.



SISTERS Mella and Sonia Clarkson pause from watching racing at Randwick to watch huge crowd. Mella is smart in slimy cut navy suit and Sonia favors beige lightweight wool frock with matching hat.



ENGAGED. Shirley Wynn Roberts and Ian Carter, who announce their engagement and will marry in December. Shirley is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Roberts, of Darling Point, and Ian is only son of Captain and Mrs. Frank Carter, of Gordon.

Intimate Gossipings

FACT that Easter and following weeks are among gayest in recent years makes our most fashionable women racegoers forgive Old Father Sun for shining a little too warmly at times when they wear their cosy new autumn outfits to Randwick.

All are gay with Easter spirit despite warmth, but they become noticeably brighter as meeting progresses and cool autumn breezes begin to sweep across the course.

They admit feminine inability to reject wearing new outfits in favor of tired but cool summer frocks. As Valerie Finlayson put it, "After all the bother of choosing and getting new autumn and winter clothes, they just have to be worn." Incidentally, if Val's milk-chocolate-brown fine wool suit with matching hat mounted with brown feather is an indication of her wardrobe, she's going to look outstanding all winter.

Softly tailored pastel wool coats worn by number of women are very attractive, particularly Jennifer Chapman's palest pink flannel with toning hat and single curved feather. Also look twice at brown nipped-in soft wool coat worn by Mrs. Ken Livingston, of Moree, and the green kaasha chosen by Mrs. Alfred Morgan.

AT the Yearling Sales see Gordon and Valmai Mackay, of Wai-lendibby, Delegate, taking a quiet look at all that is offering, and learn they are determined to buy a yearling if they see one they like and "it is not too expensive."



REOPENING OF PLAY. Dr. Keith Mallett and Marcia Parle arrive at Theatre Royal for reopening of "Under the Counter." Marcia wears lovely off-white broderie anglaise ballerina frock.

SUE PLAYFAIR is centre of attraction in Playfair household over Easter, as she is guest of honor at late afternoon party given by her parents on Easter Saturday, and makes her debut at Matrons' Ball at the Royal Sydney Golf Club a few days later. After Saturday party Sue and some of her guests go on to White City dance, others to Jocelyn Simpson's twenty-first birthday party, and Sue's mother, Mrs. Strath Playfair, and older guests visit the Show.

COLOR motion-picture of Joan Dickson's wedding to Englishman Fred Keen at Khartoum at end of March is being flown to Joan's parents, the J. Dicksons, of Yarrawin, Brewarrina. Joan had Sydney's Nancy Atkinson as bridesmaid, and the reception was held in the grounds of Deputy-Governor Henderson's house. Fred, who is member of the Sudan Diplomatic Corps, and Joan are spending honeymoon in the hills of Erskowit before flying to England to spend few months of Fred's furlough with his father, Colonel Keen, C.B.E., of Sussex.

AM greeted with plaintive question, "Do you think my clothes will ever turn up?" when I meet pianist Eileen Joyce on day she arrives from England. Luggage, sent ahead from England, is not in sight when she arrives, and Eileen spends first few hours here sending "six miles of cables." Clothes she brings with her on plane trip are beautifully simple. Eileen tells me she hates extreme clothes, and doesn't think she'll ever have a mink coat, because she's more interested in spending money on her farm at Shiplake, where the "little calves all grow their little mink jackets, anyway."

SMART luncheon resorts are full of visitors over Easter, and it seems almost impossible to move between the tightly packed tables. At Prince's see Mrs. Bill Gale, of Glen Albon, Warialda, with Mrs. Fagan, of Sunny Ridge, Mandarara, who wears smart American suit in smoke-blue gabardine. A few tables away are Mrs. Griffl Tall of Gunningjagrawah, Coolac, and Mrs. Sam Osborne, of Redbank, Harden. Also see Mrs. Freda Nesbit, cool in floral silk with black hat, hostessing party to farewell Mrs. William Whitehead on day she left on return flight to England.

AT Romano's see Lady Linton, of Melbourne, with son Richard and Lady Linton's sister, Mrs. Murray Hefferman, of Coocoo. Also see Mrs. Lambert Latham, of Scotch, and Mrs. Arthur Middows, another Melbourne visitor. At night, at same resort, catch sight of Nancy Crocker, of Billbowrie, Edgeroll, dining and dancing with Jim Ranken, of Sil-train, Cowra. Nancy stays at Australia Hotel during Sydney visit.

INTERESTING letter for Mrs. Stewart Roberts from her cousin, Sir Philip Christison, Bart., of Cowie Bank House, Edinburgh. Sir Philip who is Governor of Edinburgh Castle and a lieutenant-general, has been appointed A.D.C. General to the King, and promoted to the rank of full general. His decorations include G.B.E., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., and M.C. Sir Philip writes that "things will be much worse in England before they are better, but we shall get through."

Georgie



ENJOYING coffee after dinner at Kinnell are Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Stening. Mrs. Stening's light wool frock is in unusual shade of yellow, with sunray-pleated skirt.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Tim Bettlington and his bride, formerly Daboe Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Pitt Evans, of Daboe, Rylstone, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. Tim is youngest son of Mrs. A. B. Bettlington, of Coolah, Merriwa.



JAPANESE MAPLES provide fountains of color in the garden of Mr. C. H. Stale, "Carinya," Leura. See story, page 37.



AUTUMN GLORY

★ Foliage paints the gayest colors in the autumn landscape, but in garden beds chrysanthemums and a host of other fragrant flowers and berries contribute their quota of seasonal glory.



"ODS AND ENDS" make a jay collection arranged in a basket. On a hall or other small table, leaves, seed-pods, grasses, berries make a pleasant change in decoration, when the garden is not producing many flowers.

FAWNY chrysanthemums, one of autumn's loveliest features, arranged so that the full beauty of their heads is shown. Excellent, too, for mixed bowls.



POINSETTIAS supply a vivid patch of color when the garden is apt to be almost bare of flowers. After cutting remove leaves and seal ends of stalks by burning. Otherwise blooms will go limp in a few hours.

CONTRAST in berries: Red and orange berries contrast well with a wooden salad bowl. Groom each stalk of berries carefully, before arranging, for best results.

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SALT OF QUALITY

1 **CALL-UP NOTICE** for the Australian Navy is received by Terry Regan (Charles Tingwell) at his home, "Greenacres," Camden, N.S.W., soon after World War II has begun.

ALWAYS ANOTHER DAWN

EXPLOITS of Australia's Navy during World War II and subsequent peacetime rehabilitation form the background of Embassy Pictures' feature film, "Always Another Dawn."

Produced and directed by T. O. McCreadie, this picture is the first film made about the R.A.N.

The story was written by Zelma Roberts, of New Zealand, and the production had the full co-operation of the Navy Board. It presents officers and men of the R.A.N. in their normal routine duties, and an all-Australian cast of well-known players.

Scenes were shot at Flinders Naval Depot, at sea with units of the Navy, at Camden (N.S.W.), and the Embassy Studios in Sydney.

Shooting time was six months, and cutting, editing, and inclusion of a musical background took another four months.



3 **AT NAVAL DEPOT** at Flinders (Vic), Terry begins his training. He meets Bunny Melville (Guy Doleman) and they become friends. Terry refuses chance for officer's course for which he has been selected, as he wants to get into action.



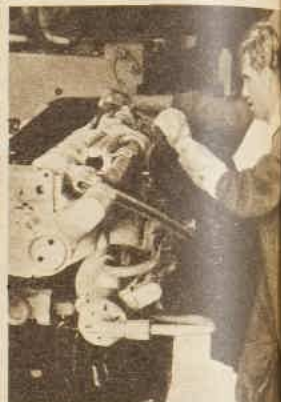
5 **HOME LEAVE** takes Terry back to Camden where he meets neighbor's daughter Patricia (Bettie McDowall). They fall in love and plan to get married during Terry's next leave.



7 **AFTER GALLANT FIGHT** when Dauntless is sunk and Terry loses his life, Bunny is one of thirteen survivors who are picked up at sea by an Australian cruiser squadron, which rescues them from rubber rafts.



2 **ENCOURAGEMENT** is given to Terry by his mother (Queenie Ashton), who tells him of his father's war service.



4 **ON DESTROYER**, H.M.A.S. Dauntless, Terry has his first experience of action, and serves for two years abroad.



6 **SAILING NORTH** in Dauntless, Terry and Bunny are on duty when ship is attacked by Jap dive bombers and then goes into action against Jap cruiser.



8 **POSTWAR TROUBLES** make Bunny decide to visit Terry's mother, who helps him with advice as they talk about her son's death.

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Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 9 ingredients which fight skin trouble in these 3 ways: 1. It fights and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning and smarting in 7 to 10 minutes, and cools and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clear, soft, and velvety smooth.

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Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin troubles, it works fast. It stops the itching, burning, and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately, clearing and healing your skin, making it softer, whiter and velvety smooth. In just a day or two your

mirror will tell you that here at last is the scientific treatment you have been needing to clear your skin—the treatment to make you look more attractive, to help you win friends. Nixoderm has brought clearer, healthier skin to thousands, such as Mr. Bob Wendon, Edmund Street, Fremantle, who writes: "I was troubled with pimples ever since I was 11, and have spent pounds and pounds on so-called cures without result. I then tried Nixoderm with astounding effect. The pimples seemed to fade away, and after a week there was not the slightest trace of them."

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MOTHER said with a sigh: "I wanted to give it to your father as a peace offering. I'm afraid this—this monster would only make things worse, though."

As she was speaking, father came in. He went straight into his study, calling me in after him.

"There's trouble, Billy," he said. "That pillar of Empire we fell foul of to-day has done just what I said. Stirred himself up a hornet's nest. He's nailed up a notice in town, promising to shoot at poachers."

"Is it still there?" I asked. "Can I go down and see it?"

"You may not," father said. "It's in the Loggers' Rest. Rhys Morgan tore it down five minutes after it was up, and it is now being discussed over beer. You can hear the din a block away."

"What'll happen?" I asked him.

"I'm thinking the general will make the closer acquaintance of his water before long," father said. "But I warned him, and he's off my conscience."

He reached for his sermon notes and said, "No need to mention this to your mother. It would only worry her, and I'm sure she has enough on her mind."

I was in bed when mother came upstairs, and almost asleep when father's boots scraped on the landing, but I heard them talking in their room.

"It is none of my business, of course," I heard father say, "but it seemed to me you had a good deal to tell that fellow as he trundled you out of the river."

"Very little, really," mother said. "I just told him if he left the general alone I'd make things right between him and his Mary."

"Oh," father said. "And how do you propose to do that, my dear?"

"Quite easily," mother said. "I'm going to ask Mary to leave the church."

"Marcel!" Father sounded thunderstruck. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"I have not!" Mother's voice came back. "But this is women's business, and I'll thank you not to interfere."

Father was mum as a clam next morning, but mother acted as if nothing had happened between them at all. When we arrived at church, Mary Williams was already there.

"There is a dreadful thing!" she told father, all breathless, her brown eyes dark with worry and tears. "Waddy and the rest, sir. It's around that they're going out to Cougar River for trouble, and there will be fighting and the police in, and gao! for Waddy with his temper."

Mary ran out of words then, and the tears began to spill from her eyes. Mother took her by the arm and led her into the vestibule with little pats and soft chuckings.

"Waddy promised me," I heard mother say to her. "He's a good boy, Mary. I'm sure he won't break his word."

Father was frowning heavily. "It was to be expected," he said. "I should have followed my inclination and dropped a word to the police last night. If His Nibs were twenty years younger, they could cool him off with a dousing and welcome for all of me. But he's too old to be three-quarters drowned in the rapids by that gang."

He tugged his gold watch from his vest and scowled at its face. "There will be no second hymn this morning," he told me. "If your mother goes to play, give her no wind in the organ. And only one verse of the closing hymn. You understand?"

I nodded, my head in a whirl. Father started his service with only half our congregation in their pews, and he wound it up in fifteen minutes flat. He was down from the pulpit and through the door with no hands shaken and only a jerk of his head to this one and that before his deacons could even take up the slack of their jaws.

The car started at the first spin of the crank. Mother whisked into the front seat and I behind, and father drove out to the river as I'd never known him drive before. There were three rusty old cars

Parson's Pride

Continued from page 9

in the wild orchard by the river bridge, and father grunted when he saw them.

"There, Marcia," he said. "You see what his promise was worth."

Sure enough, the old model with the broken windshield was Waddy's. The two other cars belonged to miners from the Ravine. Rhys Morgan and the rest who'd ripped down the general's notice. Father yanked the car to a stop and scrambled out.

"Man's business," he told mother across his shoulder. "Stay here!"

We followed him, of course. When we broke through the tangles to the river, he was already halfway along the shingle bar, legging it towards the rapids above the log jam. There was a shouting on ahead, with the general's parade-ground voice carrying over all.

He was up on a great stump in his high yellow waders and furry tweed jacket. His face was as a gobbler's wattles, and he waved a long-handled landing net as if he were sending troops to the charge.

Half a dozen miners watched him from where they roosted on the crest of the log jam with the rapids flashing green and white between.

We edged round from behind the roots of the stump, lounging in front of it, with his cap on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets, was Waddy Lewis. As we got there father stepped up beside him.

"You get out of this, Parson!" Rhys Morgan yelled over the heavy, pounding rapids. "There is no quarrel with you!"

But father stood there, planted well on his feet. He picked up the

"Success in life is a matter not so much of talent or opportunity as of concentration and perseverance."

—Wendte.

general's rod that lay on the pebbles and calmly passed it back to me.

"It is our river," he told the gang on the jam, "yours and mine, and we'll keep it ours! But not this way! Fight him in the courts if we must, with the law on our side!"

"It is not talk we want!" Rhys Morgan shouted. "Get back to your church, Parson, or the river for you, too!"

Mother was tugging at my elbow. "That fishing rod," she said in my ear. "Give it to me, Billy, quick!" She had her handbag open and was fumbling in it. "We must stop them. There's one thing might do it."

From the handbag she brought out a matchbox. When she opened it, I saw our Parson's Pride, and it looked even bigger by daylight, and clumsier, and uglier.

Mother knotted it to the end of the broken leader looped around the tip of the general's rod, then, all alone in the quiet, she started for the water. Nobody said a word, or moved—I think they were all too surprised. She waded into the shallows, not caring a rap for her shoes and her stockings, and made a cast that was pitiful to see.

But the fly landed in a smooth green slick, and the current caught it and bounced it along, and she tugged line off the reel as she had seen father do, and fed it out through the guides.

The Parson's Pride bobbed downstream, riding half on its side with one white goose-feather wing cocked and the other dragging.

It coasted out of the eddy into a slick as flat as glass, and rode there for one moment perfectly, light and high on its hackles. Then, as if someone had exploded a dynamite cap below, the water bulged and shattered. There was a smacking splash, and mother's scream was drowned in the hubbub of nine men and a boy all roaring at her together.

The general's voice climbed over the rest. "Give him the butt! The

butt, woman! Get him away from those snags!"

But mother could only cling to the rod while the yellowbelly on the leader over his shoulder and bored for his cave under the jam.

The general skipped down from his stump with a spryness one would never expect of his years. The miners on the jam, every one of them a man who would sooner fish than fight or eat, were leaping and howling and shouting advice to mother, no two pieces the same.

Rhys Morgan, on the crest of the jam, yelled again, his voice crackling with excitement: "On this side he is! He has gone clean under. Fast to a snag and big as a salmon!"

"All right, Marcia," father said. "Stop hauling. You'll never get him now."

But the general was on the jam with the landing net in his fist, crouching and leaning far over. While I was still squirming across the logs, mad to see the end of the business, he began to tip and tilt.

Rhys and Waddy snatched for him, but it was too late. The general went flat in, down among the logs in the heart of the jam, with the landing net still in his hand.

If he had been alone he would have drowned, but with the jam full of Welshmen there were plenty of hands to help. It took five men to haul him up to the logs, puffing and gasping.

But his pale eyes were popping, and he held the landing net bugged to his front with both arms, and I saw the glint of silver and black-speckled green and butter-yellow through its meshes.

"He's got the fish," Waddy said as if he could not quite believe it, and, in a voice of awe, Rhys Morgan said, "Good man, it is the biggest yellowbelly ever came out of this river."

The general waddled ashore, still hugging mother's trout in his net. He marched to where she sat huddled on a log, and bowed low.

"Yours," he puffed at her, and jolly well handled, madam. A capital show. Capital!" He bowed again, then squelched off upstream.

At the edge of the scrub alder he turned. "I say," he said. "Almost slipped my mind. Decided against posting my water, after all." He looked at my father with what might have been a grin, and said in his blustery voice, "As you've made plain, sir, this is not England."

He crashed off through the scrub then, and Waddy smiled at my father, who stood with his best coat split up the back and his hat lost in the jam, but well enough pleased with himself for all that.

"I have been thinking, Parson," he said. "I have heard there is a weakness in your choir, and that is the lack of a good bass."

"Have you so?" father said, and pushed his shoulders back. "Well, Lewis, I hold choir practice every Friday and if you want to match your voice against mine—"

"He will be glad to see you there," mother put in, "and so will Mary!"

Waddy and the rest trailed off towards the bridge. After a while father bent and loosened the Parson's Pride from the jaw of the great trout. Mother said in a soft little voice, "I made it for you. It's a poor thing, isn't it, Will?"

"Poor?" father said. "I've never seen better." He smiled at her and added softly, "I would say so, that it's very well named."

"I'll make you more," mother murmured, blushing like a girl at his praise.

"One thing that bothers me, Marcia," father said. "You'd have asked Mary Williams to quit the church to get Waddy Lewis into it. I can see no logic in that."

"But there is," mother told him earnestly. "Once they were married, she'd have him singing in the choir beside her in no time. You'd be surprised what a wife can do. Will?"

"Would it?" father said. He laughed suddenly and I knew everything was right between them again. "Women's business," he said. "To beyond man's understanding! Come, Billy, help me find my hat!"

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ONLY those in good health should adopt special diets without medical advice. If excess weight is due to some physical condition, a doctor should be consulted before food habits are changed.

If you are feeling quite fit and decide to follow this diet, you should feel well fed and toned up, although it has a reducing effect.

If the food suggested is taken in the quantities given, it is possible to lose two to four pounds in the first week, and at least one pound weekly thereafter.

EVERY DAY, before breakfast: Lemon juice (1 tablespoon) in small glass of hot water.

MONDAY

Breakfast: Glass grapefruit juice, 1 egg, soft-cooked or poached, 1 slice toast (wholemeal) or 3 slices melba toast, small pat butter, half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Luncheon: Half cup tomato juice, liver steak, 1 onion, boiled or fried,* serving string beans, fresh apple, 1 cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Dinner: 1 cup bouillon or consommé with wholewheat cracker, slice roast beef, steamed beets, diced half potato, boiled or baked,* 1 large serving tossed green salad, 1 banana, half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea, 1 marshmallow.*

Note: Items marked * throughout may be omitted by anyone over 17 for faster weight loss.

TUESDAY

Breakfast: Half grapefruit, 2 eggs, soft-cooked or poached, 1 slice wholemeal toast or 2 slices melba toast, half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Luncheon: 1 cup vegetable soup, tomato and lettuce salad, with serving of shrimps or cottage-cheese balls, 2 wholewheat crackers, 1 cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea, 1 fresh orange.

Dinner: 1 cup bouillon or consommé, fresh salmon steak or tinned salmon, steamed carrots and peas, half potato, baked or boiled,* 4 fresh or stewed apricots, half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea, 2 chocolate mints.*

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: Half cup orange juice, 1 egg, soft-cooked or poached, 2 slices melba toast, small pat butter, half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Luncheon: Half cup tomato juice, serving pot roast, steamed turnips,* steamed, chopped spinach, tinned peaches or 1 fresh peach, 1 cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Dinner: Half cup carrot and orange salad, serving lean roast veal, asparagus tips (if available), half potato, baked or boiled, custard pie, half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

THURSDAY

Breakfast: Five halves stewed apricots, half cup cornflakes, 1 slice wholemeal toast, small pat butter,* half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Luncheon: Half cup grapefruit juice, serving grilled steak, steamed cauliflower, tomato and watercress salad, 1 banana, 1 cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Dinner: Quarter cup orange juice

cocktail, broiled lamb chop, serving steamed cabbage, half potato, boiled or baked, 2 large halves tinned pears or 1 fresh pear, half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea, 3 small ginger-snaps.

FRIDAY

Breakfast: Half grapefruit, 1 egg, soft-cooked or poached, 3 slices melba toast, small pat butter,* half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Luncheon: Half cup apple juice, serving crabmeat or steamed fish, steamed carrots and peas, 2 stewed prunes, 1 cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Dinner: Mixed greens with french dressing, salmon or halibut steak, steamed spinach, half potato, baked or boiled, fresh apple, half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea, 1 nutty biscuit.

SATURDAY

Breakfast: 1 sliced orange, serving shredded wheat, half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Luncheon: Half cup tomato juice, 1 peanut butter sandwich, serving green salad, 5 halves stewed apricots, or 2 fresh apricots, 1 cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Dinner: 1 cup bouillon or consommé with 1 salt biscuit, serving roast beef or grilled steak, steamed peas, half potato, baked or boiled,* or macaroni,* 4 sticks celery, half sliced tomato, 2 halves tinned pears or 2 fresh pears, half cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea, 1 sweet biscuit.

SUNDAY

Brunch: Half grapefruit, raw or broiled, 1 egg, soft-cooked or poached, 1 slice of liver, 1 slice french toast, 1 cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Dinner: 1 cup jellied consommé, with 1 slice melba toast, 1 serving grilled or roast chicken, or rabbit, asparagus tips, broiled tomatoes, 1 potato, baked or boiled, mixed greens with french dressing, quarter cup chocolate ice-cream with two wafers, 1 cup milk, 1 cup coffee or tea.

Afternoon Drink: Glass soft drink.

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By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

ALL young parents earnestly desire that their children should be healthy and happy, and that the mother should retain her own health and vigor.

To ensure this, every mother-to-be needs to know certain facts before her baby is born, as well as how adequately to care for herself and for her baby in the early weeks of its life.

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VINCENT'S
A.P.C.
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY VINCENT'S

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

DETAILS of construction are most important if the current fashions are to be correctly interpreted by the home dressmaker.

Shoulder padding, which should be used with discretion, is assuming a more natural line. It is important not to overdo the padding for a suit or winter frock.

I have selected a wide range of fashions from this week's mail, so that there will be something of interest to all readers.

Shoulder-pads

I AM making a suit with a rounded shoulder-line, and my posture is not good. I want to use shoulder-pads, yet I do not want to destroy the rounded look. What shape would be best, and what size and material will I use for them?

Cropped pads, lightly filled, will produce a rounded, close-fitting, natural-looking shoulder-line. These pads have a smooth line instead of a sharp, square edge. The pads, of course, must be topped with canvas and lightly padded (from seven-eighths to one inch thick) with cotton-wool.

The size of shoulder-pads depends on the wearer's figure proportions. They should be only large enough to give a graceful shoulder-line. Some ladies need just a little pad to fill in a hollow or round out a line—others need a larger size. Be sure to sew the middle of the pad on to the shoulder seam to prevent any wrinkling at the shoulder point.

Gloves at night

I HAVE always understood gloves should never be worn without a hat, and yet I notice many women wearing them to an evening show or theatre without a hat. If this custom is correct, would the gloves have to be white or are black and colored gloves permissible, too?

It is perfectly correct and smart to wear gloves with after dark "formals." Made in fabric to match evening gown, gloves are up-to-the-moment fashion news. For instance, a dress of black velvet could have matching above-elbow-length velvet gloves.

Strictly speaking, it is incorrect to wear a street dress with gloves and without a hat. Freedom in fashion is pronounced now that a detail of this type is a matter for personal decision.

Hats for autumn

WOULD you please tell me what type of hat to wear this autumn?

I can tell you what's new in millinery, but not what type of hat to wear—a hat, like a coiffure, is a personal matter. There are plenty

of flattering new styles—find your type, and the world is yours. For a tailored type the new large berets are just about perfect. These berets are made in velvet or felt, and can be worn flopping back over the head, or aslant over one ear.

For the feminine type there is the "bound-on hat": a small toque or pillbox with some type of swathing to hold the hat on the head. It can be ribbon, velvet, or satin tied in a bow under the chin, or it can be chignon or veiling first circling the crown, then passing over the brim under the chin.

Strictly for the ultra-ehic is a tiny pillbox worn right over one ear to cover only half the head. It's an elegant hat to wear at the cocktail hour. For the tall woman there's the large dramatic felt



THE most important garment is a winter coat.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1088 G.P.O., Sydney.

stretching from shoulder to shoulder. The hat that shoots fore and aft on the head is a flatterer for the older woman, so is a conventional straw or felt sailor.

Party frock

I AM in my teens (just 16) and I am writing to you for advice about a dress to wear to informal parties, which are really just little "get togethers" in our small social group, at which we generally dance to the radio. I would like a pretty design, but not one that is too conspicuous, because I meet the same boys and girls at every party. Would a low-necked bodice be correct with a street-length skirt?

A low décolletage combined with a street-length skirt is good fashion. By street length I mean the new 14in. from the ground. Normally, I consider this new day length far too sophisticated for a teen-age girl—but for a party dress it would be perfect. For the material I particularly like cotton taffeta in a plaid or velvet in a honey or a pinky-red shade. The material you choose depends upon the season the dress is to be worn. If it is for all round the calendar, choose cotton taffeta. About the design: A neckline cut in a low square, a fitted bodice, puffed sleeves, and a full dirndl skirt falling from a shaped midriff section would be new and pretty, and just a little special, without being too conspicuous.

Maternity wardrobe

I AM to become a mother in October, and am finding it very difficult to plan my wardrobe for the coming winter. I have come from a warm coastal town and have no suitable winter clothes.

The first and most important garment for you to acquire is a winter coat. You can wear a coat with your current frocks at first. Right in the fashion news are a wrap-around coat with a plentiful front overlap, a boxy three-quarter-length coat, and a voluminous coat with plenty of width back and front.

The main consideration when you choose special maternity clothes is to select a becoming color with a flattering bodice top, then see the dress is styled with plenty of room for expansion. Don't clutter your wardrobe with too many maternity clothes. Two outfits plus a coat should be sufficient. A one-piece with a cross-over front or back, a wrap-over skirt worn with a jacket blouse, and a pinafore dress with separate tops are all suitable.

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Always say
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THEY LOVE TO COOK

BOTH girls and boys like to try their hand at cookery, and successful results encourage them to continue the hobby.

For good results, simple recipes should be tried first.

After a little patient guidance the boy will come when the young man will take charge of the kitchen while mother has a day out.

If interest is to be sustained, freedom of choice in recipes must be allowed, but dishes such as those suggested on this page are best for beginners.

Preparing all utensils, weighing or measuring all ingredients, and attending to the heating of the oven are jobs which should be done before starting to mix ingredients.

All spoon measurements (except half ones) are rounded. That means as much above the rim as there is in the bowl of the spoon.

Train children to work tidily, with scrupulously clean hands and nails, and to leave the kitchen in good order.

COCONUT BREAD PUDDING

Use slices stale bread, cut tin. thick, 1 pint warm water, 3 tablespoons powdered milk, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 2 large eggs, 1 cup shredded coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, crystallised or drained cherries.

Light oven, heat 10 to 12 minutes with gas full on; turn gas tap half off. Heat electric oven 15 to 20 minutes, top and bottom elements on high; turn bottom to low, top off. Grease 6 or 8 custard cups or pudding dishes. Remove crusts from bread, cut into small cubes. One-third fill each custard cup with bread cubes. Beat powdered milk, sugar, and warm water together. Add vanilla and beaten eggs. Pour into bread in cups, filling to within 1 in. of top. Sprinkle thickly with coconut, decorate with cherries. Stand cups in ovenware dish or baking dish of warm water. Place in middle shelf of oven, bake 25 to 30 minutes until custard is set. Serve hot, or allow to become quite cold. If liked the pudding may be cooked in one large piedish, allowing 45 to 50 minutes' cooking time.

JELLY CAKES

Half packet strawberry jelly crystals, 1 cup boiling water, 2oz. margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon icing sugar.

Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water. When cold place in ice chest or refrigerator to set. Light oven, heat 15 to 20 minutes with gas full on; turn gas tap half off. Heat electric oven 20 to 25 minutes, top and bottom elements on high; turn bottom to low, top off. Beat margarine or butter, sugar, and vanilla with wooden spoon until soft, white,



and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg and mix well. Sift flour and salt, fold into mixture, adding milk when flour is nearly all folded in. Place one dessertspoonful of mixture into each deep-greased patty-tin. Place in heated oven, top shelf in gas oven, bottom shelf in electric oven. Bake 10 to 12 minutes until lightly browned. Cakes are not always cooked when brown, so test one or two with a dry skewer or fine steel knitting needle. Skewer should come out free of mixture. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler, allow to become quite cold. Cut a circle from top of each cake. With a knife chop the set jelly (still in the dish in which it set) until it is cut into small pieces. Place a spoonful of chopped jelly on top of each cake, replace cut slice, dust with sifted icing sugar. This quantity makes 1 dozen cakes.

TOFFEE APPLES

Three cups sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, red coloring, small red apples, wooden skewers.

Wash apples well, dry, remove stems. Pierce with wooden skewers. Place sugar, water, and vinegar into large saucepan, bring slowly to boil. Place lid on saucepan for a few minutes to allow steam to melt any undissolved sugar clinging to sides

of pan. Remove lid. Boil quickly until toffee turns honey color and bubbles slowly and thickly. Test a teaspoonful by dropping into cold water—it should snap and crackle. Remove from heat, add 3 or 4 drops red coloring. Shake saucepan (do not stir) to mix coloring evenly. Stand saucepan in basin of very hot water to prevent toffee setting while working. Dip apples one at a time, twisting to drain off surplus toffee. Stand upright on greased tray or waxed paper, allow to set.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

LAMINGTONS

Cake: Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk.

Icing: Six tablespoons icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 or 2 tablespoons hot water, coconut.

Cake: Grease 11in. x 17in. slab-tin, line bottom of tin with greased paper. Light oven, heat with gas full on 12 to 15 minutes; turn gas tap half off. Heat electric oven 15 to 20 minutes, both elements on high; turn top off, bottom on to

MARGARET enjoys preparing coconut bread pudding from simple recipe for family dinner. Patty-cakes also present few problems for her after first try.

low. Beat margarine with sugar and vanilla until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating until well mixed. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Pour into prepared tin, bake 35 to 40 minutes. Place just above centre in gas oven, below centre in electric oven. Test through thickest part with skewer or fine steel knitting needle. Skewer should come out free of mixture. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, cut into small blocks and cover as follows:

Sift icing sugar and cocoa well together. Melt butter in hot water, add a little at a time to icing sugar and cocoa until mixture is thin enough to pour easily. Place one square of cake on prongs of fork, dip in chocolate icing, coating well. Drain, toss in coconut, place on flat plate until icing is set. Repeat until all cakes are covered. If icing begins to set while working, warm slightly before continuing.

SIMPLE GRILL

For each person allow 1 or 2 short loin chops, 1 rasher bacon, 1

medium-sized tomato, 1 slice pineapple, 1 tablespoon raw grated carrot, 2 tablespoons mashed potato.

Remove skin from chops, twist into a neat shape, secure with cocktail-stick or sharpened match. Cut rind from bacon with sharp knife or kitchen scissors. Cut each rasher in halves, roll up, and thread on a skewer sufficiently long to hold all the bacon rolls. Cut tomatoes in halves roundways, dust cut side with salt and pepper. Remove skin from pineapple slices, brush one side of each slice with a little melted margarine or butter. When griller bars are red hot, place chops on grilling-pan and cook 8 to 10 minutes, turning 2 or 3 times to cook evenly on both sides. Place on hot serving-dish (or plates), keep hot. Place tomato halves, pineapple slices, and skewer of bacon rolls under griller, cook 6 or 7 minutes, turning bacon and pineapple halfway through cooking time. When pineapple is turned, brush again with melted margarine or butter. Serve piping hot with carrot and mashed potato. Garnish with parsley sprigs.

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A PATTY-CAKE TOPPING that carries well. Soak 3 level teaspoons gelatine in 1 cup boiling water. When quite cold, add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour on to 1 stiffly beaten egg-white, beat in 1 cup icing sugar, and vanilla. Spoon on to cakes immediately, as frosting sets quickly.

Wholesome and economical . . . Prizewinning recipes

SAVORY vegetable loaf, one of this week's prizewinning recipes, is a good main course dish, which may be served hot with cheese-topped tomatoes or cold with crisp salad.

Any cold meat may be used in the recipe for scrambled beef—a welcome change from patties and pies.

DRIED APRICOT LOAF

Three-quarters cup uncooked dried apricots, 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup orange juice or milk, 1 cup water, 1 cup chopped mixed nuts.

Wash apricots, cover with cold water, soak 1 hour. Drain, chop into small pieces. Beat egg, add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Stir in melted margarine or butter. Add sifted flour and salt alternately with orange juice and water. Fold in nuts and apricots. Fill into two well-greased loaf-tins, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours. Allow to become cold before slicing. Delicious spread with cream cheese.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. K. Goode, 62 Pleasant Ave., Plympton, S.A.

SCRAMBLED BEEF

One cup minced or finely diced cooked beef, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 diced cooked beetroot, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped mustard pickles, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon margarine or clean fat.

Combine all ingredients except margarine or fat, mix well. Melt margarine or fat in heavy frying-pan. Add mixture, fry 8 to 10 minutes until lightly browned. Stir frequently to prevent burning. Serve on hot toast or with triangles of toast. May be topped with sliced tomato.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. P. Rosenberg, 8 Moresby St., Wayville, S.A.

COCONUT APPLE PUDDING

One pint milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup biscuit crumbs, 1½ cups drained stewed apple pulp, extra 2 tablespoons sugar, cherries and jelly crystals for garnishing.

Warm milk and butter, add egg-yolks. Combine coconut, biscuit crumbs and sugar in basin, pour in milk and mix well. Grease a large ovenware dish and pour in half the mixture. Place apples on top,

add balance of milk mixture. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 40 to 45 minutes or until set. Beat whites of eggs stiffly with pinch of salt. Add sugar, beat to meringue consistency. Spoon on to pudding, return to oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot or cold decorated with cherries and a sprinkling of jelly crystals.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. S. Garvin, 336 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

SAVORY VEGETABLE LOAF

One cup wholemeal flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 cup margarine or good clean fat, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons water, squeeze lemon juice, 3 cups diced cooked vegetables (potatoes, celery, peas, carrots), 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup rich brown gravy, flavored with 1 teaspoon chopped onion.

Mix flours, salt, and mustard, rub in shortening. Add cheese, mix to stiff dough with water and lemon juice. Roll to 1½ inch thickness on floured board, line small loaf-tin, reserving one quarter to cover top. Combine cooked vegetables, onion, parsley, and gravy. Fill into prepared loaf-tin. Glaze edge of pastry with water. Place pastry on top, press edges well together. Trim surplus pastry with sharp knife, pinch a frill. Decorate with pastry leaves, glaze with milk. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Turn carefully from tin on to hot serving dish. Serve garnished with bacon rolls and tomato halves topped with grated cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Muir, Ngalo St., Takapuna, Auckland, N.Z.

SPINACH AND EGG

One bunch spinach, 4 eggs, 1½ cups white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons white bread-crumbs.

Wash spinach well. Remove stalks. Place leaves in saucepan with 1 teaspoon butter or margarine and squeeze of lemon juice. Sprinkle with salt. Cook over low gas 6 to 8 minutes, shaking pan occasionally to prevent sticking. Drain, chop coarsely, place in greased ovenware dish. Poach eggs and place on top. Pour over white sauce mixed with grated cheese. Sprinkle breadcrumbs on top, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes until thoroughly reheated and crumbs lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Kurt, "Alida," Bettowyn Rd., Pymble, N.S.W.



WHOLEMEAL CRUST makes savory vegetable loaf a nourishing and satisfying dish for a meatless luncheon or dinner. The recipe wins a cash prize in this week's contest.



QUESTION: What is cook for dinner to-night? Something different, something tasty, and something that will make a hot, hearty meal?



ANSWER: Serve SAVOY Macaroni and Spaghetti all Continental flavour to your satisfaction. It's tempting, flavoured, quick prepared.



REWARD: And you're going to get full marks from all the family when you serve Savoy. First in flavour, in taste, food value, always inside an

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I'm quite well now
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Small and Light for your
waistcoat pocket.



COLOR DIAGRAM and Key to stitches for the decoration of the cap pictured below.

Gay little . . . CAP FOR WINTER

Smart for spectator sports and town wear.
Looks so chic and keeps your hair in place.

TEEN-AGERS will like this cap, made from contrasting pieces of felt, embroidered in bright colors.

Here are the directions for making it:

Materials: 2 skeins each F417 (light grey), F525 (dark jade), F699 (black); 1 skein each F483 (light peacock-blue), F585 (cyclamen); use three strands throughout

(Clarke's "Anchor" stranded cotton); piece of grey-blue felt 12in. x 6in.; piece of cyclamen felt 12in. x 6in.; piece of bright yellow felt 10in. x 2in. (optional); 1yd. narrow velvet ribbon a shade darker than cyclamen felt; No. 6 crewel needle.

When the diagram has been enlarged, trace section of cap twice on to blue felt and twice on to cyclamen.

Now trace off the fancy triangular

topping of the flower motif four



THIS MODERN SKULL-CAP, made of felt and embroidered in gay colors, was inspired by Scandinavian caps with peasant embroidery.

CLOSE-UP of cap showing the embroidery.

times on to yellow felt. (If you prefer, this section can be filled in with bright yellow cotton before or after working the inset designs as set forth in the color chart, and the yellow felt pieces omitted.)

Follow diagram and key for placing of colors and stitches. "A" represents blue felt sections and "B" cyclamen.

All parts shown similar to numbered parts are worked in same color and stitch.

The letters on key represent the stitches used and are as follows: C, chain-stitch; B, blanket-stitch.

Cut out the four small sections and apply them on to corresponding places on the larger tracing.

Slip-stitch round neatly with matching thread. (Cut out shapes before working blanket-stitch round edge.)

Press embroidery well on wrong side and overcast the sections neatly together, using black for overcasting which is worked over the loops of blanket-stitch.

Bind round bottom of cap with velvet ribbon, and make ribbon loops and attach to centre of cap.



TRACING can be made from this sketch and enlarged to required dimensions. (Straight line across base should measure 5 1/2 in.; straight line drawn to apex, 5 1/2 in.) A pencil tracing of section may be had from our Homemaker Dept. on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

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beauty shampoo and TONRINZ

Any night is Camilatone night



DINING-TABLE which has for its base a copy of 17th-century fireplace-bucket turned upside down. The bucket base is banded with hammered copper. It was shown during the recent Home Furnishings Exhibition at Chicago, U.S.A.



(ABOVE) Outside doll's house is being used in American store to study decorating problems. With movable floors, walls, and ceilings, the unit can be used to try out furniture and color schemes too expensive to experiment with on a large scale.



(RIGHT) Modern design in dining-tables from America, showing new-style drawer for silver. Drawer slants downward to make sitting at table more comfortable.

Gardening on mountain tops

• To see the gardens of the Blue Mountains in spring and autumn is to carry away lasting memories of many beauties.

NEW gardeners are afforded such opportunities to beautify their home surroundings as those fortunate folk who live on the ranges from 1000 to 3500 feet altitude, where the climate is almost English and so are the gardens both in aspect and choice of subjects.

One such garden, that of Mr. C. H. Sato, Carinya, Leura, N.S.W., was noted in spring, when the Japanese people were exhibiting their deli-

cate pastel shades, colors they hold until autumn, when the colors become stronger, more sombre, and beautiful. (Note picture on page 25.)

Laid out with infinite love and care, the footpaths bordered with alpine plants, and massed beds of nemophila, phlox, polyanthus, thrift, and pinks, they provided a foil for the deciduous trees that were then bursting their buds, or already in full leaf or bloom.

Dozens of fine lilacs, giant rhododendrons, tall ericas, massed beds of fragrant wallflowers, huge flowering cherries, and graceful weep-

ing deodars combined to paint the landscape in colors that no artist's palette could hope to catch.

His conifers were especially fine and included a giant Koster's blue spruce, the loveliest tree of its kind in Australia.

Round about were strewn masses of English bluebells, sparaxis, and ranunculi, which vied with dogwoods, magnolias, and camellias in their attempt to attract all the attention.

Dream of a garden

BERBERIS shrubs were in full bloom, giving promise of huge sprays of autumn berries, while clematis vines sprawled over walls and trellises, a mass of bloom.

It was a dream of a garden, with winding paths, dainty rockeries, and lavender hedges.

Poplars, Norway maples, bird cherries, hornbeams, and other European trees also gave promise of a glorious future—and much autumn color.

Mr. Sato took pride in the fact that every year his 25,000 daffodils nodded to all that passed, and a massed bed of pink phlox subulata, 180 by 20 feet, provided a dazzling display.

At the back, in a tall plantation, towered a sequoia, now 45ft. high, which some day will be a landmark in the mountains, and a tree that will be a monument to its planter—Our Home Gardener.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

If you want to paint anything previously painted with a high gloss, dull the gloss with turpentine or by rubbing with No. 0 sandpaper or steel wool. But get the gloss off or the new paint won't go on smoothly.

To remove a scorch stain from a fabric with "fast" color, try rubbing the stain with salt and lemon juice.

If applying varnish, don't put it on thickly. If you do it will set into hard-to-remove wrinkles when it dries into stubborn "drops."

A STUBBORN food spot usually can be removed from a porcelain enamel surface by using baking soda and warm water. Avoid the use of gritty cleaning powder.

To clean furs: First rub gently in hot bran, then beat gently with a flexible cane; finally comb carefully with a fine-toothed comb.

When dyeing a garment or a piece of material, use a porcelain-enamel container for the solution. It's easy to clean.

THANK YOU DOCTOR

Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere

In unbreakable plastic tubes. F24

FORD PILLS

Go Everywhere... Go merrier

with MEDS safe internal protection

For safety and comfort, you can rely with complete confidence on Meds—the Modess tampon. In boxes of 10, with or without applicators.

The Modess Tampon
PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS



PYRAMID

Trade Mark

HANDKERCHIEFS

White and coloured for men and women
A TOOTAL PRODUCT

See Registered Trade Mark Label on every handkerchief. PYRAMID Tootal Guaranteed
TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. MANCHESTER ENGLAND

TIRED OUT WITH HOUSEWORK AND SHOPPING

Win new energy through extra minerals in BIDOMAK. Get rid of nerves, run-down feeling or depression. Build plenty of rich, red blood. 14 days, no-risk test will prove it. When life is getting you down friends will say you need a rest and a change. But the best change you can get is right in your own blood stream! Pack it with new, rich, red blood cells and life-giving minerals—through BIDOMAK—and you'll find sparkling new life coursing through your veins. BIDOMAK is guaranteed to make a new woman of you in 14 days, or cost you nothing—and here's the reason.

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS.

Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone and tissue in your body.

A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nervous troubles", weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling", brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH.

When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral deficiency disappear and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium and potassium. Then he added Catalytic Copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT.

BIDOMAK makes you feel better and brighter quickly. Aches and



pains leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally and you wake refreshed. The whole system is braced up—as a natural result of revitalized nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich, red blood cells.

DOES A WORLD OF GOOD WHEN RUN DOWN.

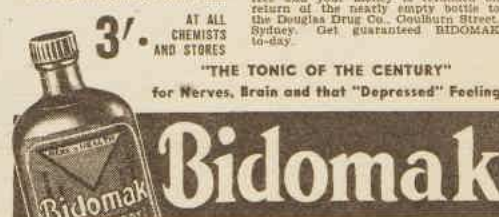
"I have taken BIDOMAK since you first placed it on the market; whenever I have been run down, and it has always done me a world of good."

Sgt. (Miss) Elizabeth Callaghan.

NO RISK TEST.

Try pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 14 days—unless you feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the neatly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Coulburn Street, Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK to-day.

"THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY"
for Nerves, Brain and that "Depressed" Feeling





Time on your hands ?

TURN LEISURE HOURS TO PLEASURE HOURS
MAKING DELIGHTFUL **Semco** WOOL RUGS

Bring sparkling colour and real comfort to your home by making delightful Semco Wool Rugs. They're so easy to make and they give to your lounge, your dining and bedrooms, luxury and breathtaking loveliness at a cost far lower than ready-made floor coverings. A full range of gay and colourful designs, needles and frames, is obtainable from your local Departmental, Drapery and Needlework Stores. Simple instructions and a colour Design Chart are attached to every Semco Wool Rug.



DESIGN NO 105

Semco

WOOL RUGS

EASY TO MAKE . . . AND SO INEXPENSIVE



Semco regrets that shortages of suitable materials from overseas are still limiting the manufacture of many Semco pre-war productions. However, several new lines and designs are being offered to the public immediately materials suitable for embroidery become available: so keep in close touch with your Needlework Supplier.

Reproduction from actual aerial photograph of **SEMCO PARK**
Headquarters of **SEMCO PTY. LTD., BLACK ROCK, VICTORIA**

Here, where the lowlands meet the sea at Black Rock, Victoria, are manufactured beautiful Semco Art Needlework, Semco Threads for Embroidery, etc., Semco Tapes, Semco Transfers, Semco Wool Rugs . . . Semco productions that are manufactured to help you make your house a home.

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Frock Service

"SUE"—PYJAMAS FOR WINTER

Well-made and long-wearing, these pyjamas are obtainable in pink, blue, or lemon fannette. Sizes 22in. to 38in. bust.

Ready to wear: 22in. to 34in., 20/11 (8 coupons); 36in. to 38in., 22/9 (8 coupons). Plus postage, 1/6. Cut out only: 22in. to 34in., 22/3 (8 coupons); 36in. to 38in., 24/9 (8 coupons). Plus postage, 1/6.

"SUSAN"—LITTLE GIRL'S PYJAMAS

Made on the same lines as mother's and big sister's, this pyjama suit will delight the small girl. In same shades of fannette, pink, blue, and lemon. Susan, 6 yrs. to 12 yrs., 10/7 1/2, 12/7 1/2.

Ready to wear: Length, 37in., 16/11; 41in., 17/6; 45in., 18/11; 49in., 19/6. Plus 5 coupons and 1/3 postage.

Cut out only: Length, 37in., 12/11; 41in., 13/6; 45in., 14/11; 49in., 15/6. Plus 5 coupons and 1/3 postage.

Please note: When ordering "Sue" and "Susan," make a second color choice to avoid disappointment, and state initial required.

F5071—One-piece with all-round fullness in the wide skirt. Sizes 12in. to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5072—Camisole-style on square-fattening lines. Sizes 12in. to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material, and 3yds. lace edging. Price 1/8.

F5073—One-piece with hip interest. Sizes 12in. to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5074—House overall in sizes 12in. to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 1/10.

F5075—Suit for plain and contrasting materials in sizes 12in. to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material for jacket, and 2yds. 36in. material for skirt. Price 1/12.

F5076—Fitted coat with small waist and wide skirt. Sizes 12in. to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5073

F5074

Interstate Addresses

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frocks, and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17) or by post.

Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 362A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 195C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 192C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1000—COOKING GLOVES
Non-irritating gloves for lifting pots from stove or oven. Traced in blue-and-white, striped cotton. They are priced at 3/3 per pair. Postage 8d. extra.

No. 1001—TRIM BLOUSE
Blouse to wear with suits or skirts. Material is finest quality rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of pink, blue, green, also white.
Cut out ready to make your- self. Size, to 34in., 15/11; 36in. to 38in., 16/9. Postage, 8d. extra, and 5 coupons.

No. 1002—EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF
Handkerchief is in finest quality linen traced ready for embroidery. Size 19in. by 19in. Price 1/5 each, plus 2d. postage.
Note: When ordering Needlework Notion 1001, make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

1001

1002



MADE IN A JIFFY
RICHEST IN RENNET
HANSEN'S Junket TABLETS
THE ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND DESSERT
Famous 70 Years for Quality.

RETAIN VIGOR THROUGH INTERNAL CLEANSNESS

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autointoxication—from the words auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better Internal Cleanness.

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANSNESS

At all chemists and stores.

CURLYPET
makes baby's hair grow curly—at all Chemists and Stores—3/8. c.t.

fortuna cloth

THIS IS THE WAY YOUR COFFEE GROWS



The
Coffee Bean
is found inside
the Red
Cherry

EASY TO MAKE

- 1 PUT COFFEE IN WARM POT
- 2 POUR ON BOILING WATER
- 3 STAND 5 MINS. STRAIN. SERVE

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A JAR - TO-DAY